





HISTORY
OF THE
SECOND REGIMENT
NEW HAMPSHIRE VOLUNTEERS:
ITS CAMPS, MARCHES AND BATTLES.

BY MARTIN A. HAYNES,
PRIVATE OF COMPANY I.

We have shared our blanket and tent together,
And have marched and fought in all kinds of weather,
And hungry and full we have been;
Had days of battle and days of rest,
But this memory I cling to and love the best,—
WE HAVE DRUNK FROM THE SAME CANTEEN!
—MILES O'REILEY.

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John A. Russell

To

THE BRAVE MEN OF THE SECOND,

WHOSE CONDUCT

REFLECTED SO MUCH CREDIT UPON

THEMSELVES, THEIR REGIMENT,

AND THEIR STATE,

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

M232609

P R E F A C E .

THE gallant men to whom this volume is dedicated have, by their heroic deeds upon a score of battle fields, engraven their history in imperishable letters, upon tablets more enduring than marble—upon the memories of a grateful people. In view of this fact it were vain for the historian to attempt to add to or detract from their fair fame, and the author of the following pages, in presenting them to the public, claims only to give a plain, straightforward account of what the Second New Hampshire Regiment endured and accomplished while following the “Old Flag” over the hills and through the vales of Maryland and Virginia. He refrains from remarks of praise or censure upon the conduct of General Officers, whose sphere of action is so far above that of a private that it would be presumption to decry what was generally so little understood by those not high in authority.

The history commences with the organization of the Regiment in 1861, and is carried forward until the muster out of the original members, not re-enlisted, in 1864. Although the Second New Hampshire Regiment still existed as an organization upon the army rolls, and many of the old members still remained to officer it, the interest with which the people of New Hampshire watched its course sensibly diminished from that time, from the fact that by far the greater portion of those remaining in the regiment were men whose interests were not identified with those

of New Hampshire—substitutes from New York and Baltimore, importations direct from foreign ports, of every nationality and tongue, who cared little whether New Hampshire were honored or disgraced by their conduct.

For the members of the "Old Second" and their friends, this volume is especially intended. Errors and omissions have without doubt occurred, unavoidable from the scarcity of reliable documents relating to the Regiment, and if, among the rock-bound hills of the Old Granite State, some rugged and stalwart veteran should read his own name in the list of killed, the author would assure him that the pleasure of taking his hand with the strong grasp of friendship would be far preferable to recording his death, and in apology for such error respectfully refer him to the Report of the Adjutant General of the State of New Hampshire, to which the author is greatly indebted for the regimental roster and names of enlisted men, although making such corrections as his acquaintance with the facts would warrant him in doing.

If, by a perusal of the following pages, a smile is called upon the face of some old comrade for the pleasing recollections awakened of by-gone times, when "marching to the music of the Union," or a tear is dropped in memory of the fallen, who sealed with their life-blood their devotion to the "starry banner," and whose graves lie so thickly strewn along the banks of the Potomac, the Chickahominy, the Rappahannock, and the James, the author's highest ambition will be satisfied, and he will retire with the pleasing consciousness of having contributed his mite in memory of the "GALLANT SECOND."

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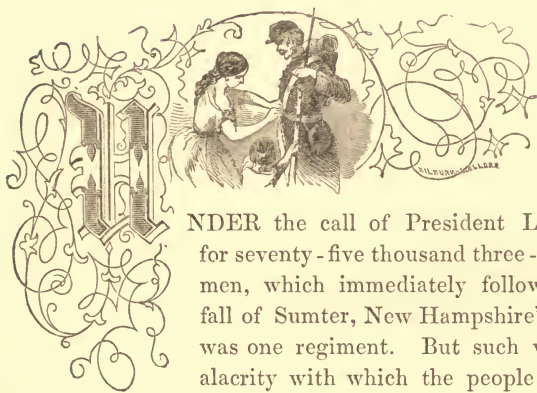
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CHAPTER I.

FROM PORTSMOUTH TO WASHINGTON.



UNDER the call of President LINCOLN for seventy-five thousand three-months men, which immediately followed the fall of Sumter, New Hampshire's quota was one regiment. But such was the alacrity with which the people sprang to arms, that the First Regiment was soon filled, and still the companies and squads of eager, patriotic men came pouring in to the rendezvous. Accordingly a new camp was established at Portsmouth, and active preparations made for the organization of the Second Regiment. THOMAS P. PIERCE, of Manchester, a man of great popularity and who had seen severe and honorable service, in the Mexican War, was appointed Colonel. The old

rope-walks in the southern part of the city were fitted up as barracks, and it was but a short time before more than the requisite number of men were in camp.

These men were all enlisted for three months, but before they could be thoroughly organized or mustered into the service, the President's call for three hundred thousand three-years men was made, and the further enlistment of three-months men discontinued. This was a contingency entirely unlooked for. Go for three years or not at all, was the imperative command. The business of some would not admit of so extended an absence, while others, perhaps, thought that three years out of the prime of their lives was too much to give even to their country; but, to their credit be it said, the mass of the men put their names down for three years. Col. PIERCE resigning his position, Hon. GILMAN MARSTON was appointed Colonel, with FRANK S. FISKE as Lieut. Colonel, and JOSIAH STEVENS, JR., as Major.

It is not my design to enlarge upon the camp life at Portsmouth. For information on that subject I would refer the reader to the papers of the time or to the good citizens of Portsmouth. They can tell of the "rag-hash war," in which the entire company of "Abbott Guards" were confined in their quarters two days for "mutinous conduct;" specifications—that they wouldn't eat the hash ration furnished at the Commissary's, but marched to the city in a body and procured more palatable food, &c. They can also tell you of the numberless pranks of the boys in gray swallow-tailed coats, and how patiently they were all borne, because their authors were brave fellows and were going to fight the battles of their country. These are all interesting in their way, but have been

written and re-written until they are as familiar as household words. My province is, rather, to give the record of the regiment's glory—its fierce conflicts, its weary marches, and reminiscences of those whose lives were given up beneath the shadow of its flag.

On the 20th day of June, 1861, the regiment left Portsmouth for the seat of war. The joy of the men was only tempered by the thought that many were taking their last farewell of friends and relatives. They had entertained great fears that they would not be sent on in season to help crush out the rebellion, but now their longings for active service were to be gratified.

Arriving in Boston we were treated with open-hearted hospitality by the "Sons of New Hampshire." After being reviewed upon the Common by Governor ANDREW a collation was spread in Tremont Temple, where we listened to patriotic speeches from prominent sons of the Old Granite State.

We were also handsomely received in New York, and presented with a beautiful flag, the same flag which for so many months braved the powers of the elements, which was borne through battle-flame and smoke, until its bright colors were faded and its folds rent and torn, but was never deserted or disgraced by those who fought beneath it.

At Jersey City, to our infinite disgust, we were placed on *cattle cars*, two days rations of not over-sweet beef were dealt out to us, and we went whirling off for Baltimore. The cattle cars and bad beef were, of course, the cause of a great deal of grumbling, but the reception we met with while passing through Pennsylvania restored good humor to the crowd. The sturdy Dutch farmers

along the route, wherever the train stopped, brought forth their kegs of "lager," while their wives made a generous distribution of bread and other edibles, all "free for nothing, because zey was good Union men all overs."

The great disappointment of the trip was in getting through Baltimore without having a fight with the rabble, but the city was by that time well under the control of the United States authorities. At about noon of the 23d, we were landed safely in Washington, and by 10 o'clock at night were in camp at Calorama Hill, a mile or so to the north of the city, as weary a set of men as could well be found, but elated with the idea that at last we had reached our goal, "the seat of war." The only thing which had seriously marred the pleasure of our trip was an accident, by which, while we were passing through New Jersey, Lieut. CHARLES W. WALKER of Co. B, fell from the cars and was so badly crushed that he died soon after. He was the first victim from our ranks, and his memory is cherished as fondly as those who have fallen upon the field of battle.

CHAPTER II.

ADVANCE INTO VIRGINIA.



CAMP was laid out the morning after our arrival, and in a short time the hill-side was covered with the canvas residences of a thousand men. Camp guards were posted, piles of hard bread, beef, pork and other "commissaries" furnished, and we went into a course of training for coming campaigns. The new camp was named "Camp Sullivan," in honor of New Hampshire's celebrated Revolutionary general. Our routine of drill was the same adopted with all green regiments. Long drills were the order of the day and long rolls the order of the night. The camp was in a continual *furor* over stories of spies seen lurking about, and woe was sure to betide the unfortunate peanut peddler or trinket vender who came near our sentries after tattoo. All this vigilance was more conducive to the good of the service than to the comfort of the victims, some few having been severely injured by the excitable sentries.

Nearly a month of this experience was gone through with before we had the pleasure of being led into Virginia against the boasting rebels. In the meantime we were brigaded with three as gallant regiments as ever wore army blue—the First and Second Rhode Island and the Seventy-First New York, all under command of AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE, then Colonel of the Second Rhode Island. The Second Rhode Island Battery was also attached to the Brigade, and a battery of two Dahlgren boat howitzers, served by men from the Seventy-First New York.

On the 16th day of July we marched from camp to participate in the short campaign which ended so suddenly and so disastrously at Bull Run. The regiment had hardly ever shown as full ranks as on that morning. Men who for weeks had been regular attendants at the Surgeon's call for "ye halt, ye blind, lame, sick and lazy," became suddenly rejuvenated, and would not think of such a thing as being left behind when the "death blow" was to be given the rebellion. So, with full ranks, and overflowing with patriotism, we marched across Long Bridge into Virginia, the band playing "Dixie" with might and main, and the soldiers making the air resound with their songs and shouts of mirth.

The day was hot and sultry, and many men fell from the ranks exhausted as we toiled over Arlington Heights. The woods along the road had been cut down to give the gunners upon the forts an unobstructed view of any hostile approach, so that when at length we entered the shady little glen where Arlington Mills were situated, it was indeed a sudden transition from perfect misery to soothing comfort. A picturesque little spot it was then, such as an artist would not fail to find room for in his sketch

book. The dilapidated mill was mossy and gray with age, and the water that fell in glistening cascades over the motionless wheel was so clear and cool that one involuntarily peered into the depths of the pool below, expecting to see the spotted sides of the active trout in so favorable a haunt.

Our camp that night was at Bailey's Cross Roads, and the march was resumed early the next morning. Evidences of the recent occupation of the country by the rebels soon began to appear, for at various points the road had been obstructed by felled trees, the removal of which cost the pioneers much hard labor. At about eleven o'clock in the forenoon the word was passed down the line that the advance had come upon a rebel earthwork, and that the chances for a fight were promising. The column was halted and formed in sections. For a minute, the ring of rammers driving home the charges in thousands of guns was heard, and then the column pressed rapidly on. We soon came in sight of the work, a heavy battery of sand-bags, but it was deserted. No cannon belched defiance from its embrasures, no bristling line of rifles rattled death into the advancing column. All was quiet as the grave, until we entered the deserted work, when shout after shout arose over our "bloodless victory." Immediately to the rear was a camp of bough huts, which had been deserted in such haste that many valuable articles were left scattered around. About a mile beyond was the little village of Fairfax Court House, which we entered as we were becoming great conquerors, with flaunting banners and serried columns, while the bands played patriotic airs for the edification of the few secesh who remained. The brigade marched into the village green and stacked their

arms, while the flag of the Second was flung out from the most conspicuous point in the vicinity — the cupola of the Court House. No sooner were the ranks broken than the entire brigade resolved itself into an army of foragers. The deserted rebel camps in the vicinity were thoroughly ransacked for hard-tack, bacon, &c.; the squeals and shrieks of suffering porkers filled the air, and little clouds of smoke in various quarters indicated where hives of bees were suffering “martyrdom at the stake,” their stores of sweets proving their ruin. But sometimes the bees had their minute of revenge, for we saw more than one fellow with honey dripping from his hands, making across the fields with strides more vigorous than elegant, and leaping five-rail fences with apparently no more trouble than if they had been so many straws, followed by clouds of the vicious little insects, who not being thoroughly smothered, had revived and attacked their enemy with a vigor which admitted of nothing but an inglorious retreat.

Not the least interesting of the captures was a rebel mail bag. The contents were most decidedly Southern, the letters being filled with those inordinate boastings and conceits with which the rebels plumed themselves until Yankee steel had taught them to respect Yankee valor. The recent dashing charges which Lieut. TOMPKINS and his dragoons had made into the village, over and through their whole force, was often spoken of, and they always found much consolation in the idea that their thousands gave the few Yankee squadrons “as much as they could handle.” Well, those were days when each party misjudged the other: while they looked upon us as arrant cowards, we were equally confident that the campaign which we had inaugurated was to end in the defeat of the

rebel armies, the capture of Richmond, and the complete overthrow of the Confederate Government. We could not foresee the four years of terrible war then but just begun, during which armies should be raised in which the "Grand Army of McDOWELL" would hardly form a respectable division.

Early Thursday morning, the eighteenth, the march was resumed, and we felt our way slowly and cautiously, towards Centreville. The woods along the route we found to be swarming with swine, those gaunt, savage nondescripts peculiar to the South, which are allowed to run wild and subsist upon such acorns, nuts and reptiles as they can find. The numerous halts gave the boys plenty of opportunities to hunt these uncivilized Confederates, and they improved them to such an extent that our line of march might easily have been traced by the slaughtered porcines that lined the road.

It was on the afternoon of this day the first serious encounter with the rebels was had, in which a portion of the First Massachusetts regiment encountered a heavy force of rebels near Blackburn's Ford, on Bull Run creek. After a sharp little fight, in which several men were killed and wounded, they retired. Persons a little out of the noise and confusion of our column could distinctly hear the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry. The excitement in our ranks grew as we advanced, and when, that night, in camp near Centreville, we heard from some of the wounded the story of the engagement, the fighting spirits of our boys arose to fever height.

CHAPTER III.

BATTLE OF BULL RUN.



FOR two days we lay in our camp near Centreville, chafing with impatience to be let loose upon the enemy, and at length the orders came. At one o'clock on the morning of the ill-fated twenty-first of July, our brigade was roused from its slumbers, blankets were hastily rolled, and we crept off in the bright starlight in the direction of Centreville. We passed many regiments by the roadside all up and in readiness for the march, and when the morning sun arose the heights of Centreville were far to our rear, and we were leading the brave, light-hearted division of HUNTER in the direction of Bull Run. The plan of this day's work is, perhaps, better known than that of any other of the war. In a few words, it consisted of a strong demonstration upon the enemy's front, while the main attack was to be made upon the rear of his position which was to be gained by means of a road making a wide detour to the right, and coming upon the extreme left.

Arriving at the point where the two roads converged, HUNTER's Division took the one to the right while the other troops kept steadily along the main road.

The forenoon was by this time well advanced, and the sun was pouring his rays down fiercely upon the toiling columns. Far away to the left, in the direction of Manassas, clouds of dust were arising where the Confederate troops were marching to meet the new movement of our forces.

We got our first "reliable information" of the prospects ahead from one of the natives, a female, who probably classed herself as one of the whites, and who possibly might have been after a vigorous use of soap and water. She stood in the door of a dilapidated log hovel, and took delight in informing us that there were enough Confederates a little ways ahead to whip us all out, and that her husband was among them. And hardly were we out of her sight before the roar of a heavy gun came from the direction the left column had taken. We all felt that this was the prelude of a conflict to come, and scores of watches were drawn to note the precise time when the first gun was fired.

We toiled on over the narrow, uneven road, expecting every moment to hear the sharp crack of our skirmishers' rifles. At about half-past nine, while the men were improving a short halt by filling their canteens from the muddy waters of a little creek, an *aide* of General BURNSIDE dashed down the line with the information that the enemy had been discovered in strong force but a short distance ahead. We proceeded nearly half a mile further when the ominous dispositions for battle, which we afterwards learned to read so well, were made. The

two Rhode Island Regiments suddenly filed from the road into the fields at the left and disappeared in a belt of woods to the front, but we kept steadily on up the road.

Scarcely had we entered the leafy cover of the woods when, without any previous warning, a cannon ball came screaming and crashing through the trees many feet over our heads. This was the first time our ears had been greeted with the sound of a rebel missile, and not a man in the regiment but made an involuntary obeisance to the hostile messenger. Its harsh voice had scarcely died away in the depths of the forest when another followed directly in its wake, and almost at the same instant we heard the fierce rattle of rifles just ahead. The Rhode Islanders had found the enemy. The excitement was now wild and unbounded. Off from our shoulders went blankets and other superfluous baggage (we intended to come back for them when the little job ahead was finished,) and we went tearing up the road at a speed which in a few moments launched us from the depths of the woods upon the field of Bull Run. A grand panorama of the opening scene of the battle was spread before us. The Rhode Islanders, in the field to the left of the road, were having it hot and thick with a body of rebels in a strip of woods about three hundred yards to their front, and scores of wounded were streaming from their line to the rear. The Rhode Island battery was thundering into position on the right of the infantry line.

We filed into the field upon the right of the road, fired a few scattering shots at a line of skirmishers which opened on us, and then threw ourselves upon the ground to escape the fire of a rebel battery upon the opposite slope which had begun to pay its attention to us. By

this time the Rhode Island battery was in position and opened fire. Its first shot was directed against the battery which was annoying us, and with splendid accuracy. The shell struck right upon the little work behind which the gunners were protected, and the demoralized artillerists streamed to the rear like ants from an ant hill, but they were rallied by the officers and led back to their work.

They soon got a good range upon us, and many a poor fellow was carried gasping and bleeding to the rear. For half an hour we suffered this merciless pelting, when the enemy showed themselves in great numbers in front of the Rhode Islanders, evidently intending to charge the battery, and we were ordered to the left of the road to assist in repelling the threatened attack. Col. MARSTON was at this moment consulting with Col. BURNSIDE. "Attention! left face—double-quick—march!" shouted Colonel FISKE, who, in his shirt sleeves, and with perspiration pouring from his face, had been striding up and down the line.

As we rushed past the battery we were exposed to the concentrated fire of the entire rebel force then in action, and the sounds of their missiles, running through the whole scale of warlike music, from the savage rush of twelve pound shells to the spiteful "pish" of the minie bullet, was ruinous to weak nerves.

We reached our position amidst this galling fire, and threw ourselves upon the ground to await any demonstration. It soon came. Along the edge of the woods some three hundred yards in front of the battery, the rebels appeared in strong force. The two howitzers of the Seventy-First opened with grape and shrapnell, while we rose from the ground and rushing with the Seventy-First

over an intervening fence and through a cornfield, engaged in a sharp fight with the rebels. It was hot work for a short time. They were under cover of the woods,—we fully exposed to their aim. They soon fell back, but not until the green leaves of the growing corn had been dyed red with Northern blood and the ground strewn with corpses. Col. MARSTON was wounded at this point. He had hardly given the word “Attention!”—for us to rise from the ground, when he fell with a rifle ball in his shoulder and was carried to the rear.

A body of United States marines now took an advanced position upon the left of our brigade, looking, with their white cross-belts and well-polished brasses, much like a company of playday soldiers at a country-muster, and at the same time HEINTZELMAN’S crack Division arrived upon the field. It was a gallant sight to see them as they rushed on to the fight shouting and cheering like madmen. Regiment after regiment poured from the woods, rushed by the position we had held so long unaided, and halting hardly a moment to form in line, pressed down through the little valley to the front of our position, along the edge of the woods and up the opposite slope. Now some of the most desperate fighting of the day took place, of which BURNSIDE’S brigade were allowed to be spectators. The brigade had already lost heavily, but was still well formed, in good spirits, and capable of doing much hard fighting. We saw the regiments charge gallantly into the woods, we heard the furious roar of musketry, and then the broken lines came pouring back into the fields to reform and go at the work again. We heard the loud shouts of victory as our gallant fellows pressed the rebels back from their positions, and we had

a good view of the celebrated charge of the Black Horse cavalry. All these exciting scenes we witnessed, until early in the afternoon the firing had almost died away, the field was ours, and General McDOWELL rode down the line and told us we had won a great victory, at which we cheered exultingly.

The field was ours, but the army was left in a sad condition. It had been so badly broken up and scattered that there was hardly a regiment which could count half its members in the ranks. In this condition was our army, while JOHNSTON was close at hand with heavy reinforcements for the rebels, hastening to wrest our hard-earned victory from us, and our reserves were many miles away, in the vicinity of Centreville. To add to all, at about this time, an unexplainable, unaccountable panic took possession of a great portion of our troops, and while the thoroughly whipped rebels were making post-haste for Manassas, they were fleeing with equal speed towards Washington.

Thus stood affairs at three o'clock in the afternoon, when bodies of rebels who had been rallied by the rapid approach of JOHNSTON, again renewed the fight.

The New Hampshire Second was then one of the few regiments upon the field which was formed in good order, and we were directed to the front into the positions from which other regiments were falling back in disorganized masses.

Col. MARSTON, having had his shattered arm bound up, came at this moment upon the field to lead his regiment. At every step of his horse the muscles of his face would involuntarily show the pain he felt. The Spartan spirit of their Colonel seemed to infuse itself through the ranks

of the men, who greeted his appearance with tumultuous cheers. "Now," he exclaimed, "the New Hampshire Second will have a chance to show what it is made of," and we filed down into the valley at a quick step, where we were exposed to a terrible fire. Grape, shell and rifle balls swept through the ranks of the Second, but the column swept on down the road. It was a position which might well appal stout hearts, one where we had a taste of the horrors of war. The rail fence by the roadside was shattered and prostrated by the terrible storm of balls which leaped from the cauldron of flame that crested the hill. The wounded and dead marked our progress through the valley, and when we reached the blood-stained slope our ranks were fearfully decimated. For a few moments we halted behind a sheltering ridge to form the ranks anew. Upon our left was stationed one of our batteries, with only one gun in working order. A part of the others were dismounted, and the faithful gunners and horses lay around the useless pieces. The few men still left were working the remaining gun, but for every shot they sent screaming over the hill a dozen were returned; and soon this gun also ceased its defiance. The gallant BURNSIDE at this time showed his bravery in a most conspicuous manner. Riding up to the brow of the hill, he drew forth his glass and through it took a long and deliberate survey of the rebels, as coolly as though he was only gazing upon a beautiful landscape. It was almost a miracle that his life was preserved amidst the shower of bullets which whistled around him.

The ranks again formed we continued on up the hill, where a few men—the dare-devils of various regiments—still kept up a desultory fire. One of the Fire Zouaves

was particularly noticeable for his reckless behavior. His foot had been crushed by a ball, but instead of being carried to the Surgeon he maintained his ground, hobbling around on his sound foot, firing as fast as he could load, and keeping up all the time such a string of oaths as would have surprised "The Army in Flanders."

The regiment came into position facing a rebel battery of two or three guns, posted by the ruins of some log houses, which served as good shelter for an industrious body of rebels—so industrious with their leaden compliments that the regiment was soon ordered to fall back from the position. This they did, with the exception of the two left companies (I and B) who rushed forward to within a hundred yards of the battery, where, taking shelter in a deep cut made by the side of the road, they kept up a brisk and spiteful interchange of shots with the rebels.

A rebel mounted officer attempted to pass from the battery to the woods, but horse and rider fell lifeless to the ground. Another rebel leaped upon a gun and waved a flag defiantly in our faces; he, too, fell.

For half an hour these two companies maintained this position, losing but few men, which was owing to their good cover, when a body of rebels filed across the road to their right, pouring in a volley which unearthed them, upon which they made some very rapid traveling down the hill and up the opposite slope, in search of the regiment.

As soon as they were fairly out of reach of the rebel riflemen they took a view in the direction from which they were retreating. A sight met their vision calculated at once to appal and to demand their admiration. The

insignificant force which had started them from their cover had in those few moments grown into a host.

Instead of a small squad there now appeared a long line, bristling with steel, and with numberless banners floating above it in the summer air. The line continued to lengthen, as regiment after regiment debouched from the woods, until their hearts grew sick in calculating the numbers. Then a second line appeared, forming with the same threatening precision and silence as had the first. Halting but a moment the serried lines faced to the front, and came sweeping down the slope towards the disorganized masses of Union troops. These new arrivals were JOHNSTON's reserves, and from this moment the day was irretrievably lost to us. The field where BURNSIDE had opened the fight was still covered with squads of troops hunting for their respective regiments, but before the threatening approach of JOHNSTON's gleaming lines they melted rapidly away, and helped to swell the great wave of disastrous retreat which was sweeping so resistlessly towards Washington.

Our regiment was forming in the edge of the woods, near the point where we had first entered the field. Here we remained until JOHNSTON was close upon us, and two companies of cavalry, which had formed in line a short distance to the left, broke for the woods, when we, too, joined in that terrible retreat from Bull Run.

CHAPTER IV.

THE RETREAT FROM BULL RUN.



EN or tongue cannot describe the retreat from Bull Run. Never was an army more completely broken up and demoralized than was ours; never were the real dangers of any situation more intensely magnified than were those which threatened us; and never did men conjure up more visions of danger which existed only in their own minds than did we. In that wild torrent of retreat, organization could not for a moment exist. Although the Second Regiment marched from the field in good order, it was not long ere it would have been difficult to have found a score of its members together.

About a mile from the field BURNSIDE made an attempt to rally our brigade. By vigorous efforts a few hundred men were got together, forming a line with no reference to previous regimental or company formation; but this provisional organization could not stem the torrent, and it soon melted away.

The wounded men by the roadside begged piteously for aid to escape from the rebels. A few were placed in empty wagons and ambulances, or upon caissons and gun carriages, but the most of them were left to their fate by their terror-stricken comrades.

"The cavalry are coming," was the cry which would revive the energies of the drooping. "The Black Horse Cavalry," numbering, perhaps, a hundred men, was the bugbear of the flight. To tell the truth, the writer of this did not see a rebel during the entire retreat, and is inclined to set down at least nine-tenths of the hair-breadth escapes, terrible hand-to-hand encounters and heroic defences by dashing vivandiers, with which the Northern papers teemed for weeks, as being made up and cut out for the occasion. A history of the retreat can never be written, only as compiled from individual experience, so complete the disorganization in the ranks of the Union Army. The writer speaks only for himself: premising that his own experience tallies with that of thousands of his comrades on that memorable day.

During the entire day we had suffered most intensely from thirst, with scarcely a drop of water to alleviate it. So when I came to a pool of stagnant water a few rods from the point where we entered the main road to Centreville, I did not scruple to drain two dipperfulls of the filthy fluid, or rather semi-fluid, for the passage of horses and wagons through it had reduced it to this state.

I had fastened my dipper to my haversack, and was about to enter the main road, when the roar of a gun and the howling of a shell just overhead greeted my ears. The crowd paused, bewildered. The next instant, a shower of grape came humming into their midst, when

they made a simultaneous rush from the road, over fences and into the woods and fields. "Halt! boys, halt!—don't run!—a hundred men can take the battery!" shouted Lt. JAMES H. PLATT, who was close by at the time. But exhortations had no effect, and we took to the fields with the rest.

The battery which had created this new panic consisted, apparently, of but two pieces, which had been sent along the main road to take a position where they could command the point at which we must enter it, as well as the Cub Run bridge, which crossed the creek at the foot of the hill. Owing to the darkness of the evening which by this time prevailed, neither the guns nor the gunners were visible to the panic-stricken fugitives, and when they opened, notwithstanding their proximity, they did not stop to question whether there were twenty or five hundred men engaged in the new attack, such terrors have unseen dangers for all men.

After firing a few shots the battery ceased its play, and the men began to swarm back into the road. I reached Cub Run bridge and found it blocked with disabled baggage wagons. While I stood debating as to the best means of crossing, BURNSIDE came riding down the hill, leaped his horse from the steep bank and forded the creek. I was not particular about following in the steps of illustrious greatness, especially when they led through five feet of water, so I took the less dignified means of attaining the same end, and crawled under the wagons. I had just straightened myself after crossing the bridge, when the battery again opened. The first shot whistled past the wagons and went bowling down the road, tearing the life from many a poor fellow who was perhaps at that

moment congratulating himself on having at last safely escaped the horrors of the day. Again there was a grand exodus from the road, which was entirely abandoned until the battery had once more ceased working.

Formed in line of battle across the road near Centreville, we found our reserves, and as we passed through the openings in their ranks we felt that at last we might rest ourselves in safety.

Arriving at the camp which we had left so gaily the morning before, we threw ourselves upon the ground with an inexpressible feeling of relief. Men came straggling in every few minutes. Among them was one man from company A, whose arm had been shattered in the affair at Cub Run. Amputation was necessary, and it was performed by the flickering light of a camp-fire, the heroic soldier uttering hardly a moan during the terrible operation.

But our rest here was a short one. About midnight, we were unceremoniously routed out, and told that the implacable enemy was close at hand. Again we took our position in the "grand army advancing upon Washington," and to the credit of our pedestrian powers be it said, we continued on until the goal was reached, although our feet were blistered and bleeding, and every individual bone and muscle of our bodies ached from fatigue.

Once more under cover of the forts on Arlington Heights, we drew a long breath of relief, although some of the most thoroughly terror-stricken still half expected to see the ubiquitous Black Horse Cavalry come riding over the frowning walls of the fortifications, overturning the big guns in their fury and scattering death and destruction in every direction.

Arriving in Washington, most of the men, to escape the pressing inquiries for particulars of the fight that met them on every hand, secured conveyance to Camp Sullivan. The sick men whom we had left in camp, we found had organized themselves into a volunteer cook corps, to distribute rations to the men as fast as they arrived. But sleep and rest were the great demand, and these wants were first and thoroughly attended to.

For several days the men came straggling into camp, and it was some time before any definite estimate of our loss could be formed. From nearly two hundred it gradually dwindled down until it was fixed at seven killed, fifty-six wounded and forty-six prisoners. Many of those reported wounded could have lived but a few hours, while one or two reported killed came back to us as from the grave, with thirteen months' experience in rebel prisons to tell to their wondering comrades.

CHAPTER V.

BLADENSBURG AND BUDD'S FERRY.



EARLY in the month of August we moved our camp to Bladensburg, a little Maryland village, about four and a half miles from Washington, on the Baltimore road, noted in former days as a place of resort for southern fashionables, for the battle there fought in 1814, and for the famous duelling ground where so many brave men laid down their lives at the shrine of a false sense of honor.

As we filed into the field which had been designated as our camping ground, a tall, plainly dressed, military-looking man rode up and superintended the movements of the regiment. This was Brigadier Gen. JOSEPH HOOKER, who had just been assigned to the command of a brigade, of which we were the first regiment to arrive at the rendezvous, and consequently the first regiment which "Fighting Joe" commanded during the war. When organized, the brigade consisted of the First and Eleventh

Massachusetts, the Twenty-Sixth Pennsylvania and Second New Hampshire regiments. Gallant regiments they were, too, as the glowing record of the "First Brigade of HOOKER'S Division," carved on many a bloody field, will testify.

At Bladensburg we remained about two months, drilling and preparing ourselves for the next trial of arms, which we felt confident would end, under our new General, McCLELLAN, as victoriously as the former campaign had closed disastrously.

About the middle of October we were ordered to the lower Potomac, where the rebels had established a blockade of the river, the effects of which were sensibly felt at Washington, as it necessitated the carriage by rail of nearly all the supplies for the great army which was then gathering around the capital.

SICKLES' Excelsior Brigade, with ours, were organized into a Division, and HOOKER placed in command. After a weary march of four days over the roughest of roads, we arrived at Budd's Ferry, when the various regiments were distributed so as to form a corps of observation over the movements of the rebel blockaders.

For some weeks the Second was stationed at the important village of Hill Top, consisting of one dwelling-house, one store, and two negro cabins. Here we were several miles from the rest of the Division and from the rebel batteries, and as we could hear the roar of their guns every day shelling some audacious little Yankee blockade-running sloop or schooner, we grew impatient to be nearer the scene of action. So when ordered to join the rest of the Division, we obeyed with pleasure, arriving just in season to witness an exciting little

episode. One of our schooners had been driven aground by the rebel batteries on Shipping Point, which was no sooner observed than a boat full of rebel soldiers put off from the shore and pulled rapidly toward the vessel, with the intention of boarding and firing her under our very eyes. A company of the First Massachusetts dashed across the fields to meet the attack. The rebels reached the schooner, boarded and fired her, then taking to their boat again pulled vigorously for their side of the river. At this moment the Massachusetts boys arrived on the river bank, and poured in a volley which sent the splinters flying in every direction and created considerable confusion among the daring rebels. The First boys boarded the boat in season to extinguish the fire, and so thwarted an attempt which reflected much credit upon the bravery of the rebels engaged.

During the months that now ensued we found plenty to occupy our time and attention. When the condition of the ground admitted we had a large amount of drilling to do, and the broad fields of "Old POSEY" and WHEELER were the scene of many a gallant charge, while the woods were thoroughly scoured by heavy lines of skirmishers. Then we had to build a corduroy road from Rum Point, (our landing and base of supplies), as the winter rains soon rendered the ordinary roads utterly impassable. Winter quarters also demanded our attention, as the advance of the season rendered it improbable that an immediate movement would take place by the Division, and we accordingly built log walls, upon which to raise our tents from the ground, and thus secured more roomy and comfortable quarters. Each tent was supplied with bunks for its occupants, and also had a

fire place, built of logs and coated with mud. The great disadvantages of the latter were that they would catch fire occasionally, forming an illumination on a small scale, and that when there was, from any reason, a particular scarcity of firewood, the boys would not scruple to improve the midnight hours by stealing two or three feet off the top of their neighbors' chimneys with which to keep the fire going in their own.

For amusement we watched the running of the rebel blockade, which could be performed only by the small vessels, as the channel of the river ran close under the rebel batteries. But hundreds of schooners with draft light enough to keep close to the Maryland shore, defiantly ran the whole line of batteries in broad daylight, and though the rebel gunners managed occasionally to hit one of the saucy little craft, none were sunk or disabled.

Soon after our arrival we were reinforced by the Second New Jersey brigade under General PATTERSON, forming the Third Brigade of HOOKER's Division. It soon became as notorious for its strict discipline and inveterate drumming as it afterwards did for gallant fighting on a score of fiercely contested fields. It was a standing joke in the Division that the commander of the rebel forces opposite us sent word to Gen. HOOKER that unless he immediately put a veto upon the drumming of those Jersey regiments he would have to evacuate his position, as his men could not be broken of their rest much longer.

About the middle of February, Gen. NEAGLEE of Pennsylvania was assigned to the command of our Brigade, who at the very outset incurred the dislike of both officers and men. The day after he assumed command he had the officer of the day, and the officers of the

guard of every regiment in the Brigade, placed under arrest for some very slight deviation from the strict letter of the army regulations, and his after conduct was such as to gain for him the reputation of a merciless tyrant, albeit he was thoroughly conversant with military tactics, and one of the best drilled officers ever commanding our brigade. Among other things he inspected the guard-house of our regiment, where the prisoners were confined, and immediately deciding that it was too comfortable a place for prisoners, he gave Col. MARSTON orders to have a dungeon built of logs. "Build it," he said, "without a crack or an opening so that it may be perfectly dark." His orders were obeyed to the letter. In a day or two he came over to see if the house had been properly built, and his eyes beamed with pleasure when they first rested upon the gloomy structure, but after having looked upon all sides of it, he turned to Col. MARSTON with a haughty air, and enquired where the entrance was, and how he intended to get anybody into it. "O," replied the Colonel complacently, "that's not my lookout; I have obeyed your orders strictly! How does it suit you?" The General went his way, and the dungeon stood just as it had been built until the regiment left Budd's Ferry for the Peninsula, the following spring.

During the winter months we remained at Budd's Ferry, surrounded by oceans of mud, and, as a poet of the regiment had it,

"Laboring like patient oxen,
By the banks of Chickamoxen."

But when the spring months came and the warm winds drank up the water from the soil so that solid ground began to appear, the great army which for so many

months had been marshaling under the leadership of McCLELLAN, began its advance upon Richmond by way of the Peninsula. This movement necessitated a corresponding change of base by the rebel army, and the abandonment of the line of defences they had occupied during the winter, comprising the fortified positions at Manassas and Centreville, and the batteries with which we had been hobnobbing.

On Sunday, the ninth day of March, the boys in camp were turned out by the announcement that the entire line of batteries had been abandoned, and the little hill which commanded a view of them was soon covered with spectators. For a distance of five miles the Virginia shore was enveloped in the thick smoke which ascended in volumes from the camps of the enemy, from various buildings, from their gunboat, the "George Page," and from several schooners which lay in Quantico Creek. It was the most extensive conflagration we ever witnessed, and one of the grandest scenes. The little black "Anacosta," of the Upper Flotilla, was cautiously steaming down the river, throwing shells into the upper battery to make sure it was not tenanted. Arriving opposite the bluff upon which it was situated, a barge was sent ashore and soon we saw the Stars and Stripes floating proudly from the same staff recently occupied by the rebel flag, while the soldiers assembled on the Maryland shore sent up shout after shout at the glorious scene. All the batteries were found deserted. They were thoroughly explored the next day by detachments from our Division, and it was found that an immense number of large guns and a great amount of military stores had been left. The

batteries were constructed in the most scientific manner, and would have proved very formidable if attacked by our gunboats. Many of the guns had been tumbled into the river, but some had not even been spiked. A great amount of sutlers' stores and private property of the soldiers was left behind, and secesh dippers, plates, knives, clothing, knapsacks, puppies and other plunder, was plenty in our camps, nearly every soldier having something as a memento. Several heavy guns were found buried in the ground. One of them, a ten-inch gun, was buried about a mile from the river, and efforts were made to recover it, in doing which, one of our men, of Company E, named FASCETT, was murdered by guerillas. He, with a companion, was going back from where the men were engaged in digging, to procure some shovels which were stored in a building not far from the river, when three rebels in citizens' dress, who had been skulking in the bushes, confronted them with loaded carbines. FASCETT immediately surrendered, but notwithstanding this, they sent a bullet through his body, while his comrade made good his escape. The guerillas eluded all efforts to capture them. Had they not, Judge Lynch would have presided at their trial.

On the fifth of April the Division broke camp and embarked upon steamers with orders to report at Fortress Monroe. The Second, with three companies of the Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, was crowded upon the crazy old steamer "South America." Owing to some mismanagement the boats carrying our brigade did not get under way down the river until the morning of the seventh. Arriving at the mouth of the Potomac, Chesapeake Bay

was found to be so rough that the captain of the South America would not venture out of the river with her, and he accordingly ran in shore and landed his passengers upon "Point Lookout," afterwards noted as the great general depot for prisoners.

We found good quarters here in the little tenements which had been erected a few years previous for the accommodation of those who might wish to patronize a Southern watering-place, and by a free use for firewood of the rail fence which surrounded the light-keeper's little garden, we managed to keep ourselves quite comfortable. Most of us were by this time entirely out of rations, and we learned to bear hunger patiently before more came. A raid was made upon a few hundred pounds of bacon which were discovered in the vicinity, but that was hardly a morsel in the mouths of our famishing horde. Crumbs of crackers were carefully gleaned from the bottoms of our haversacks, and tea and coffee grounds were boiled over and over again. For three days we subsisted thus before a boat arrived from Washington with provisions, when we again embarked, glad enough to leave the inhospitable shores of "Point Starvation," as it had been well named.

We arrived at Fortress Monroe, where we were ordered to proceed to Yorktown, which place General McCLELLAN had just commenced to besiege. While we were coaling up at the wharf, the rebel iron-clad monster, the Merrimack, steamed down out of the Elizabeth river in the direction of the Fortress, accompanied by two consorts, the Yorktown and the Jamestown. All was excitement in Hampton Roads, and it was but a short time before they were entirely clear of vessels, with the exception of the

“ Monitor ” and our little fleet of war steamers, which patiently awaited the threatened attack. But after taking a good survey of our preparations the ungainly monster crept back to its den, not caring to try its hand again with the ugly little “ cheese - box on a raft.”

CHAPTER VI.

THE SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.



ATE on the afternoon of the 5th of April the crazy old "South America" wound her way up Cheeseman's Creek, through the fleet of transports which crowded its sluggish waters, and landed us upon the soil of the Peninsula. Everything about indicated the most stupendous preparations for prosecuting the siege of the rebel stronghold. The shores of the creek were lined with vessels discharging their cargoes of war materials. Heavy siege guns, huge mortars, shells and ammunition, and great piles of commissary stores greeted the eye in every direction. Thousands of soldiers were camped about, waiting for orders to proceed to the front, the direction of which was indicated by the occasional roar of a heavy gun, and the sudden appearance of a little cloud of smoke where the shell had burst in mid air. We were soon in camp with the rest of our brigade, which had arrived some time before, and it was not long before we had gleaned all the items we needed to form our judgment of

the situation, of what had been done and what was to be done.

We remained in camp by Cheeseman's Creek but a few days, when we marched to the front to take our part in the siege, which was then vigorously progressing. On the road we were constantly meeting with new evidences of the immense preparations going forward. Parks of the heaviest artillery crowded the fields, and in the woods squads from the engineer corps were busily engaged in manufacturing *fascines* and *gabions* for the batteries.

Our division was attached to the corps of General HEINTZELMAN, which occupied the extreme right of the position, directly in front of the town of Yorktown. Our camp was by the side of the Williamsburg road, upon the farm of the rebel General MAGRUDER. It was nearly a mile from the enemy's works, and concealed from his sight by intervening woods. Upon the opposite side of the road, and in full view of the enemy, were the headquarters of HEINTZELMAN and HOOKER, and also a steam saw-mill, which was of great service to us. The rebels, when they abandoned it, tried to blow up the boiler, but were unsuccessful, and during the siege its merry hum was heard night and day, sawing out plank and lumber to be used in the construction of batteries. Just across the road from HEINTZELMAN's headquarters was the balloon apparatus of Prof. LOWE. Ascensions were made almost every day, which were by no means safe operations for the man of science, as the appearance above the tree tops of his aerial monster was almost invariably the signal for a well-directed fire from the rebel guns. On such occasions the pieces of shell were distributed about our camp with no regard to the safety of life or property. Yet,

strange to say, not a man of our regiment was ever injured during these affairs, and the greatest damage we ever saw inflicted was the destruction of a haversack full of "hard-tack." The owner was sleeping composedly in his tent, using the aforesaid haversack as a pillow, when a piece of shell struck it and scattered the contents in every direction. Out rushed the man whose slumbers had been so rudely disturbed, bristling with rage and anxious for a fight with the scoundrel who had kicked his haversack out from under his head. The intruder lay on the ground close by, but the soldier's belligerence cooled down when he saw what it was.

It was not long before we became aware that although holding an honorable and responsible position, it was by no means an easy one. An immense amount of work was to be done and we were to do our share. Batteries were to be erected, strong enough to withstand the shots from the heavy guns on the walls of Yorktown. Parallels for the protection of the infantry must be constructed, and miles and miles of road over which to transport the guns and ammunition to the batteries.

Much of the work in the trenches had to be performed in the night, to escape the vigilant eyes of the rebel sentinels. Perhaps a parallel would have to be run out toward the enemy's works. Then the engineers would mark out its course, and the men in grim silence would take their positions, and go diligently to work with shovels, picks and axes. When morning dawned the rebels would discover the new work, tantalizingly near, but behind which the delving Yankees could laugh defiantly at their hundred-pounders.

On such occasions the rebels could hear the sounds of

our picks and shovels, but as they could not by sound alone judge of our position the shots they fired were, of course, at random. Yet these random shots sometimes came nearer our persons than was desirable, and many narrow escapes were had. One night the Second Regiment was in the trenches as support for a battery manned by Hungarians. The rebels had a very good idea of its position, although it was screened by woods, and sent many shells over and even into it. One of these, a thirty-two-pounder, struck upon one of the curtains of the battery, bounded upon the magazine, and rolled under a platform upon which five of the men were sleeping. Fortunately it did not explode, else the dreams of "Father-land" would have been over forever.

The following morning, Company H, of the First Massachusetts, performed one of the most dashing exploits of the siege. The rebels were in the habit of annoying our working parties from a small *lunette* work a short distance in advance of their main line. Becoming something of a nuisance, HOOKER determined to abate it. In the gray light of approaching dawn the brave Bay State boys were drawn up behind the entrenchments, supported by two companies armed with shovels. At the word, they dashed forward toward the rebel work. Its occupants were on the alert and poured in a volley which killed three and wounded about twenty. But the First boys were not to be turned back,—on they rushed, nearer, nearer, and over the battery with a yell. The rebels fled in dismay, and the company with shovels soon levelled the work to the ground.

At first, when our men were subjected to the rebel fire, they were very careful to keep low under the protection of

their works. No sooner would a gun flash from the enemy's lines than every head would be drawn under cover until the rebel missile had passed. But familiarity bred contempt in this case as well as others, and it was not long before it had to be a furious shelling indeed which could destroy the equanimity of the boys enough to drive them to shelter. Sometimes a sociable game of cards would be going on at the very point to which the rebels were directing their fire. These games were often broken up in a summary manner, as was the case with one in which the writer had the honor to hold a hand. Four of us were seated upon the grass to the rear of the pit, deep in the mysteries of trumps and suits, when a huge shell just brushed the top of our rifle-pit and with a stunning explosion burst directly overhead, showering the unburnt powder upon us without stint. It took but a moment to recover from the shock, when the four euchre players made a simultaneous plunge into the friendly pit, more regard being paid to celerity of movement than to elegance.

The miles of road we built were by no means the least of the labor performed. Sometimes they led across marshes, which would swallow up thousands of feet of lumber before a foundation could be established, all of which had to be cut and carried to the spot by hand. Miles of it were built along the sides of the creek, where the banks often rose so abruptly that in digging down to form a foundation, a declivity would be formed forty or fifty feet high.

Night and day the men labored on these works, seeming hardly to require any rest, so intense was the enthusiasm which then pervaded the ranks. For a short time after our arrival at the front, the few hours of rest which were

granted us were wofully intruded upon by our brigade commander, General NEAGLEE, who had many qualities which tend to make a good officer, but was a martinet in the worst sense of the word—unmerciful in his drills, and in the management of his men. Every morning, long before sunrise, he had his brigade drawn up in line, and there the weary men would be obliged to stand to their arms for two or three hours, for no earthly reason except to gratify his unbounded ambition to appear always ready for emergencies. His men were mere puppets with which to build a name, and as such he used them. But these morning parades soon came to the notice of General HOOKER, who immediately put a stop to them, and it was not long before NEAGLEE was appointed to a command in another division, and General GROVER, of Vermont, whom we all learned to love and respect, was assigned to the command of the brigade.

Although we had plenty of hard work to perform, there was much to interest and amuse us. To me, at least, the historical associations connected with the spot were of deep interest. The parallels which WASHINGTON had built, eighty years before, could be traced as easily as if erected only the day previous, and oftentimes the same dirt which had been thrown up by our forefathers to establish the Union was shoveled over by us to perpetuate it. Many mementoes of that former conflict were dug up,—cannon balls and the bones of soldiers who had fallen in the dying struggle of British power on our soil. One can scarcely realize the reverential awe with which we viewed these remains of the brave ancestry whose achievements had always formed a part of our national creed, and whose memory we had from childhood's hour

been taught to treasure up, as having given their lives that we might enjoy the blessings of a free country. Their remains were always re-interred, and with as much care and solemnity as when eighty years before the weltering bodies had first been placed beneath the sod.

Within three weeks our parallels had been advanced close to the rebel works, most of the siege guns and monster mortars were in position, and we congratulated ourselves that but little remained to do except to cut down the trees which masked the batteries, and pour in a fire which would make Yorktown a second Sodom. But the coveted sight of the great bombardment we were doomed not to witness, for the rebels, coming to the conclusion that their vaunted position was not tenable, evacuated it. Early on the morning of Sunday, the fourth day of May, Professor LOWE ascended a few hundred feet in his balloon, and, as he glanced toward the rebel works, he shouted to a signal officer on the ground beneath, "Telegraph to headquarters that there are no men to be seen in the enemy's works, and that a body of our troops are advancing on them as skirmishers." The news spread like wild-fire, causing the most intense excitement, and it was not long before we had positive confirmation of the fact from the lips of those who had entered the deserted works. Immediately came the orders to pack up ready for a march, and hardly an hour after they were received our division was marching up the dusty road toward Yorktown, in pursuit of the retreating enemy. So sudden and unexpected was our movement that we had no time to draw rations, and many of the men had hardly a bite of food until the following Tuesday.

We marched straight through the immense works which

had so long frowned defiance upon us. The heavy guns, whose hoarse voices had become familiar, were silent,—some spiked, and some filled to the muzzle with sand and dirt, while others had been left entirely uninjured. The gun which had been the pride of the rebel garrison, a rifled hundred-pounder, lay scattered about in fragments. The rebels had attempted to return an unexploded shell which had been sent into their works from one of our gunboats, but the gun would not endure the use of the strange projectile, and exploded, killing and wounding several of the rebel gunners.

Actuated by the same fiendish, barbarous spirit which afterwards prompted them so cruelly to murder our prisoners in loathsome pens, and to perpetrate the heart-sickening crimes, of which Fort Pillow and Milliken's Bend are but mere examples, the rebels had planted the roads and all ground likely to be trod by our men, with torpedoes. Several soldiers were blown up by these infernal contrivances, before the men could realize that the rebels had been guilty of such an atrocity. Then the vicinity was carefully explored, and the locality of each torpedo discovered indicated by a little red flag, or by a sentinel posted near it. The natural effect of these contrivances was to prevent straggling from the ranks, for while the men could follow safely in the wake of their file-leaders, a deviation of a few feet might send them headlong into eternity.

We pressed briskly forward over the Williamsburg road, occasionally coming across a wagon or *caisson* which had been abandoned by the rebels. Late in the afternoon we met about half a dozen wounded cavalry men going to the rear. They told us the enemy were but a short dis-

tance ahead, in line of battle, which announcement sent an electric thrill through the whole line of enthusiastic soldiers, and, halting for a moment to load our pieces, we set out again with renewed vigor.

Night came, but still we blundered on over the rough road upon which HOOKER led us. In the inky darkness we could not pick our way, but alternated our time between struggling knee-deep through the quagmires and sprawling at full length over the obtrusive stumps, and it was nearly midnight when we filed from the road and threw ourselves to rest upon the ground of a little clearing which had been hewn from the dense pine forest of the region,

CHAPTER VII.

THE BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURG.



COLD, drizzling rain ushered in the morning of the "glorious Fifth of May," in the midst of which the brigade resumed its march, the men picking their way as best they could by the side of the muddy road. We passed a little work, behind which the rebels had checked the advance of our cavalry the day before, and had proceeded about two miles from our bivouac when a picket post of the enemy's was encountered, who fired a few shots at our advance. Dispositions were immediately made for a fight, which was the signal for cooks, waiters and all other non-combatants to stream to the rear. General GROVER came riding up to the Second. "I want that New Hampshire company with patent rifles! Where are they?" he exclaimed. The company called for (Company B) and also Company E, were detached from the regiment and sent forward as skirmishers, while the brigade formed a line of battle, the Second and the Eleventh Massachusetts on the right of

the road, and the First Massachusetts and Twenty-Sixth Pennsylvania upon the left. As the skirmishers advanced, an almost impenetrable *abatis* of felled trees obstructed their progress, but they wormed their way through it, all of the time hotly engaged with the rebel riflemen. We struggled on after them until the edge of the slashing was reached, when, taking cover behind logs and stumps, we waited the development of events and took our notes of "the situation."

A broad, undulating plain lay before us, across which we could see the spires and buildings of the little city of Williamsburg peeping from their bed of forest trees. Between us and the city a line of small redoubts rose from the green bosom of the plain, the largest of which, called Fort Magruder, mounted several guns and commanded the road upon which we had advanced. A line of rifle-pits dotted the field to the front of the fort, in each of which crouched a rebel sharpshooter. Fort Magruder shelled the woods and *abatis* so vigorously and the sharpshooters kept up so brisk a fire that, although we kept well under cover, many of the men were wounded.

For full three hours our solitary brigade remained in this position. Although the rebels had a heavy force massed under cover of the redoubts, they did not develop it, thinking, evidently, that the greater part of our army confronted them, and preferring to await an attack rather than to make one. Meanwhile we amused ourselves in watching the gunners on Fort Magruder flourish their dangerous looking sticks around the guns which peered over the walls; and some tried their hand at sharpshooting with the rebel riflemen, and with good effect.

"There," shouted one of our men, a good shot, as he discharged his piece, after having for several minutes kept it steadily pointed at one of the little mounds, awaiting the periodical appearance of the rifleman's head, "There, I plugged that fellow's head, and he was black enough to be a nigger!" The next day an Indian sharpshooter was found dead in the pit, drilled through the head by the unerring bullet of the New Hampshire soldier.

As the time passed without bringing us any reinforcements, we began to grow impatient under the annoying fire from Fort Magruder. But at last our hearts were gladdened by the fierce notes of an artillery bugle, and a regular battery came rumbling up the road, going into position in the field to our front. Immediately all the rebel guns were turned upon the battery, when, to our inexpressible mortification, most of the gunners deserted their posts and fled in dismay. Our entire regiment rose to their feet with one impulse, cursing the artillerists for their cowardly abandonment of the guns, and giving to those who came into our ranks more kicks and hard blows than most men would be willing to receive. But soon a company of volunteer artillerists came up, manned the deserted guns, and worked them with such a will that every gun on Fort Magruder was silenced.

At length JOHNSTON, the rebel commander, appeared to have discovered that he had been deceived as to the strength of the force in his front, and determined to assume the offensive. A heavy force of rebels filed out from the rear of Fort Magruder and marched down across the field to attack us upon the left. Fortunately for us the remainder of our division had arrived and taken a position to meet this new movement, the gallant New

Jersey Brigade upon the extreme left, in the woods, and the Excelsior Brigade connecting with their right.

Soon the sharp volleys of musketry in that direction told us that the engagement had begun in earnest, and the roar of battle increased until it became terrific. The solid, pounding volleys of the Jersey boys mingled with the fierce rattle of the rebel rifles, and above all the shouts of the excited combatants would occasionally rise as one side or the other gained some temporary advantage.

While this terrible engagement was going on so close at hand, the Second boys were taking as much comfort as possible in the situation. Many took out their shelter-tents and spread them upon the bushes as a protection against the drizzling rain, and some built little fires over which to cook their coffee, despite the shells and bullets which were whistling about their ears. More than one shelter-tent was riddled with balls, and at least one cup of coffee was sent spinning several feet, to the infinite disgust of the unlucky owner. Among the coolest and most unconcerned of the whole crowd was a large, noble looking dog, who, whenever a ball passed near him, snapped spitefully at it, as if he was catching flies. "Tige" can thank his canine stars that he was not nimble enough to catch one.

The brave troops on our left held their position manfully, until the ground was covered with their dead, but no reinforcements coming to their aid, they were at length obliged to give way before the repeated onslaughts of overwhelming numbers. This rendered our position untenable, and we were ordered to fall back to the edge of the woods. In accomplishing this movement we lost many men, as, in climbing over the felled trees, we were

obliged to fully expose ourselves to the fire of the advancing and exultant rebels. Several pieces of the artillery which had silenced Fort Magruder were abandoned to the enemy.

As soon as we had re-formed in the edge of the woods we were ordered across the road to meet the terrible danger which threatened to overwhelm all. We deployed as skirmishers, with intervals of five paces, thus forming a very long and very thin line, but not a weak one, as the rebels learned to their sorrow. With orders to keep covered as much as possible, we advanced, and were soon engaged in a fierce bushwhacking fight with the enemy. Some confusion was at first occasioned by a misunderstanding, which might have resulted in serious consequences. Many of the men, and even officers of high rank, hesitated about firing upon the rebels when they were encountered, fearing that their gray overcoats might be those of the Massachusetts boys of our brigade, which indecision oftentimes gave the rebels the advantage of the first fire, and cost us many true men.

The rebels were somewhat surprised at the tactics of the New Hampshire boys. One of them who was taken prisoner remarked: "Those Jersey fellows kept a solid line, and we felt sure of beating them, but when you New Hampshire fellows went to picking us off from behind trees, it was another matter."

For four hours our line of skirmishers kept the rebels at bay. It was a fight of desperation against numbers. We were kept well reinforced by the fighting bloods from other regiments which had been broken up and scattered. Now we would be forced back by the weight of numbers, when a fierce stand would be made and the lost

ground recovered. Often the parties mingled together in hand-to-hand conflicts. Lieutenant "DAVE" STEELE, with a few men of his company (G) encountered a squad of rebels of twice their number. "DAVE" made a dash among them, swinging his sword and shouting at the top of his voice: "Surrender, you d—d scoundrels, *or I'll blow your brains out!*" As he had no sign of a fire-arm about his person, it is still a matter of doubt how he proposed to perform the operation; but the rebels could not resist his eloquent appeal, and threw down their arms without delay.

Capt. LEONARD DROWN, of Company E, one of the bravest officers in the service, was shot dead by a squad of rebels bearing a white flag, whom he had called upon to "come in," supposing they wished to surrender. Rebel prisoners with whom we afterwards conversed, alluded to the incident, but insisted that the flag which deceived the brave captain and cost him his life, was only a battle-flag, faded until the figure upon it was hardly visible.

The guns of Fort Magrauder, no longer exposed to the fire which had silenced them, again opened, while on our side three Napoleon guns had been planted in the deep mud of the road, and poured round after round of canister into the rebel raaks. Gen. HOOKER, coated with mud from head to foot, rode coolly up and down the road, encouraging the men to deeds of heroism both by word and deed. GROVER was everywhere, encouraging his weary brigade. HEINTZELMAN rode furiously from one point to another. "Give it to 'em!" "Pile 'em up!" he shouted. Some of the men who had used up their ammunition, informed him of the fact. "If you haven't

got any powder, shout—hooray—make a noise—do something,” he replied. Then turning to a musician near, he inquired, “Here, you fellow, are you the band?” “I am a musician, sir,” was the reply. “Go to tooting on your old trumpet, then—Yankee Doodle, Dixie—anything—blow away!” Then turning to the men, “Hooray! Richmond’s taken! Reinforcements close at hand! Be here in fifteen minutes! Give it to ’em!” To realize fully the ludicrous manner in which the sentences were snapped out, the reader should know that the old general was afflicted with a peculiar impediment in his speech, and that his words were run out as if on a wagger to see how many he could get rid of in a certain time. Soon the bands struck up, the men who had no ammunition cheered like madmen, and the reckless spirit of Gen. HEINTZELMAN seemed to infuse itself through everybody.

It was nearly night before our reinforcements came pressing up the road, as fast as was possible, through the deep mud. The sounds of the Highlanders’ bagpipes did not sound sweeter to the ears of the beleaguered at Lucknow than did the distant cheers which heralded the approach of KEARNEY’S men to ours; and when the brave regiments arrived and dashed in upon the rebels with a fury which could not be withstood, we were glad to fall back from the position, to maintain which so many valuable lives had been given up. The battle had been fought and the victory won. HOOKER, from the very jaws of threatening disaster, had plucked the first green laurel for his fadeless wreath of glory, and his division had carved a page upon American history which no true lover of his country can read without feeling a glow of pride at the glorious achievements of his countrymen. And may not

such person question why for so many hours our single division was left to maintain the unequal conflict, while thousands of troops, eager to mingle in the fray, were held inactive within hearing and almost within range of the enemy's guns?

The loss of our division on this ever-memorable day amounted to three hundred and thirty-eight killed, nine hundred and two wounded, and three hundred and thirty-five missing and prisoners—an aggregate of fifteen hundred and seventy-five. HANCOCK, in his little affair upon the right,—which many people in the regions where his regiments were raised still persist in believing to be *the* battle of Williamsburg,—lost but thirty-one men, a loss not equal to that of some companies in our division. Impartial history will give the credit of the victory to the proper persons, instead of recommitting the errors of many people of our times, who, to gratify their local or family pride, would appropriate for regiments from their own section the glory won at a terrible sacrifice of precious lives by others. By such a course they but do gross injustice to the patriotic General HANCOCK and his brave men, who afterwards won their full share of glory wherever the Army of the Potomac measured its strength with the enemy.

The loss in the Second Regiment was by no means so heavy as that of the regiments in the SICKLES and New Jersey Brigades, owing to the different modes of fighting. It amounted to eighteen killed, sixty-six wounded, and twenty-three missing.

As soon as it became certain that the victory had been secured for our arms, the remnants of the division were collected together and camped about a mile to the rear,

and though wet and chilled, hungry and weary, our martyred comrades who lay stark upon the battle field were hardly more oblivious to passing events than were we, upon the water-soaked ground where we threw ourselves to rest.

Early on the morning of the sixth, the troops who had been held inactive the day before began to pour up the road, "in pursuit of the retreating rebels," while squads from the division went out upon the field in search of wounded comrades who had lain all night in the cold, drizzling rain. The scene of the conflict was ghastly in the extreme, the men lying in every attitude, and exhibiting every form of shocking mutilation. The rebel dead lay thickest in an old rifle pit of Revolutionary date, just within the edge of the woods. It was in this pit that KEARNEY's men first encountered them in their furious charge, and in places the dead lay literally in heaps. Seven bodies lay in one pile, by the side of a log just to the rear of the ditch. The rebels had turned to flee when the last onset was made, but had fallen all together before the murderous volley from the advancing line. In a partially obstructed road which ran through the slashing, lay scores of the Excelsior boys, gory and ghastly, and on the left, where the Jersey Brigade had fought, the dead lay in broad winrows. It was indeed a "harvest of death," where

"A broad field was reaped Heaven's garners to fill."

That day we moved from the woods, pitching our camp on the green plain in front of Fort Magruder, and commenced the burial of the dead. Many were buried upon the spot where they fell, but most of those belonging to

the Jersey and Excelsior Brigades were collected together and buried in long trenches. This could not well be done with the dead of our brigade, as they were scattered upon all parts of the field. A piece of board, or a stick with one side shaved down, and rudely lettered with the soldier's name, regiment and company, was his only tombstone. Sometimes a board carved with more than usual labor would show where some soldier had paid his last sad tribute to a dear friend's memory. How sad a tale might some of these rude head-boards tell, were theirs the gift of speaking: of two friends, perhaps, going forth together to sustain the integrity of their country and her flag; of the long and weary marches, enlivened by their mutual remembrances of home and its dear ones; of the star-lit bivouac, where beneath the same blanket bright visions of northern scenes and northern loves had come to them in dreams; of privations and dangers shared with more than brother's love, and all to end in a little mound of earth on Williamsburg's field, from which but one would go forth to the coming campaigns, with a great aching at his heart, but with strong desire to meet those who had robbed him of his friend.

As soon as the dead had been properly cared for, the arms and equipments which strewed the field gathered up, and the felled timber thoroughly burned, the brigade moved its camp to a position nearer the city. Gen. GROVER was appointed Military Governor of the place, and for some time we performed the duties of provost guard, while the army pressed on up the Peninsula.

In the rebel camps around the city we found a large quantity of first-class tents, some "Sibley," and others wall tents, bearing the name of their maker, "S. J.

MYERS, Richmond." These we appropriated as being preferable to our little shelter tents, and some of them, fitted up with chairs and tables, were perfect palaces, when compared with what we had been accustomed to. Rebel stretchers were eagerly seized upon by the men, who slept upon them with hardly a thought that what to them were couches of comfort and rest, had but a few days before been beds of agony for the wounded and biers for the dead.

We had plenty of opportunities for looking over the city, and found it to be a quaint old place, in former days a city of note, but now shorn of its glory, and struggling hard to maintain an appearance of municipal respectability. There were many fine public buildings, among the most interesting of which was the College of William and Mary, the oldest college in the United States, where many of Virginia's most celebrated sons had been educated.

The public halls and buildings were filled with rebel wounded. Every day the Williamsburg ladies — so they called themselves — visited these hospitals, which also contained a number of wounded Union soldiers, bringing with them dainties and delicacies for the rebels. This was all very well, had they not taken every occasion to insult and wound the feelings of the loyal sufferers in the most outrageous manner. If, in distributing their dainties a cot was encountered on which lay a soldier in army blue, the fair visitors would withdraw their skirts to avoid the contaminating touch of the loyal hero, and utter some insulting remarks concerning "cowardly Yankees," or "vile invaders." This intense bitterness of feeling was, however, sometimes turned to good account

by the cunning Yankees, as was the case with one of our teamsters, who, clad in a suit of dingy gray and with his arm in a sling, introduced himself to a rabid secesh family as a member of the Louisiana Tigers, severely wounded in a terrific conflict with some half a dozen Yankees, three of whom he killed outright, and put to ignominious flight the remainder. He was, of course, received with open arms, and was ever after sure of a hearty welcome and a good supper, whenever he saw fit to give his friends a call.

We remained in Williamsburg about a fortnight, when, being relieved by a cavalry detachment, we started on up the Peninsula in the footsteps of the army, which was then sparring with the rebels across the turbid waters of the Chickahominy.

CHAPTER VIII.

IN THE CHICKAHOMINY SWAMP.



EXTENDING from near Williamsburg to the very gates of Richmond is the Chickahominy Swamp, through which the great army of McCLELLAN struggled in pursuit of the rebels. Mile after mile of almost impenetrable morass there were, into the gloomy depths of which the column of troops plunged, toiling wearily on where the mud was often ankle or knee deep. Where the foot soldiers found so much difficulty in making their way, the trouble encountered by the teamsters with their heavy wagons, and by the artillery, may be readily imagined. The whole country traversed was by no means of this description, as there was a great deal of high land intervening, which formed welcome camping grounds for the men after a day spent in battling with the mud of the swamp.

We reached the Chickahominy at Bottom Bridge in

about a week, where we found several divisions camped awaiting the signal for advance. The day after our arrival a reconnoissance in force was made in the direction of Fair Oaks, by Gen. NEAGLEE, of CASEY's Division, our former brigade commander, and HOOKER's Division was ordered across the river as a support. The river was swollen by recent rains, and the flats along its banks were nearly covered with water, but across them we picked our way and advanced about three miles upon the Richmond road, where we halted behind some rudely built rifle pits, posted our artillery, and patiently waited the whole day for some requisition to be made for our services. But they were not needed, and at sunset we began to retrace our steps to camp.

Night came on, dark and gloomy, and we had those flooded meadows to recross. This had been a difficult matter in broad daylight, and the prospects for a safe passage by night were by no means flattering. Two or three men in the line were equal to the emergency, and lighting the little pieces of candles which they carried in their knapsacks, they stuck them into the muzzles of their guns for impromptu torches. The cue thus furnished was immediately taken up by the rest of the men, and thousands of the little flickering torches lit up the line of march. It was a scene which could not have been surpassed for picturesque effect; but, produced as suddenly as if by magician's wand, as suddenly it vanished, for one of Gen. GROVER's *aides* rode back from the head of the column, and put a damper upon the highly dramatic scene, by a rather blunt and unpoetic order to "Put out those devilish candles!" The general did not wish to advertise his movements to any rebel lookout,

who from some distant tree-top might be counting the Yankee camp-fires and noting the positions of the various encampments. So we made our way across the flooded flats as best we could in the darkness, floundering half the way up to our waists in mud and water. Upon reaching the river we soused ourselves and made our way to the cheerless camp, dripping from head to foot.

In a day or two we again crossed the Chickahominy and marched to Poplar Hill, about six miles from Fair Oaks. The portion of the swamp in that vicinity was known as White Oak Swamp, and White Oak Creek wound around the foot of the hill. This was a very important position, commanding the road from Richmond to Bottom Bridge, the loss of which would have been a serious disaster to our army at that time.

On the thirty-first of May began the great battle of Fair Oaks. CASEY, with his division, at this time occupied an advanced and almost isolated position at Fair Oaks, a large portion of the army being as yet on the north side of the Chickahominy, while a terrible rain the night previous had converted this usually sluggish stream into a raging torrent, and the meadows along its banks into broad lakes, seriously threatening the communication between the two wings of the army. With all these circumstances in his favor, JOHNSTON assumed the offensive, and falling upon CASEY with forty thousand men, he fairly crushed his little division by weight of numbers, capturing nearly all of his artillery, his camps and stores, and forcing him back in confusion until KEARNEY met and checked the rout. In camp at Poplar Hill, we heard the heavy volleys of musketry, but how near we came to being active participants we never knew until the rebel

reports of the battle were received. From them it appeared that JOHNSTON'S plans embraced the capture of Poplar Hill, and an advance to Bottom Bridge, the possession of which would at the same time have cut off one of the main avenues of retreat for CASEY, and prevented the arrival of reinforcements. To accomplish this a strong rebel division set out upon the proper road, but when the commander heard the sounds of the attack upon CASEY, like the model soldiers of holiday orators, he "marched towards the scene of conflict," thus defeating one of the most important points in JOHNSTON'S well-devised programme.

The next day the battle was renewed. Grizzly old SUMNER, by almost superhuman efforts, got a portion of his force across the Chickahominy, while HOOKER, with the Excelsior and Jersey Brigades, hurried away from Poplar Hill to join in the fray. The result of this day's work was a glorious victory, the rebels being driven into the defences of Richmond in the wildest disorder. During the day our brigade remained in line of battle, momentarily expecting an attack. The bridges across White Oak Swamp were torn up, and our artillery posted so as to command the crossing, while the Eleventh Massachusetts was deployed in the woods as skirmishers, and every measure taken to insure a successful defense of the position; but the glorious work of SUMNER and HOOKER secured to us immunity from attack.

On the third day of June, two days after the battle, our brigade marched to Fair Oaks. The evidences of the great contest presented themselves as we advanced. We encountered first the stragglers from CASEY'S Division, camped by the roadside, who regaled the passing troops

with highly colored accounts of the fight; then we came to an incomplete breastwork where the rebel advance had been checked, and from there the graves of both Union and rebel soldiers were scattered along by the roadside, while the trees were scarred and limbs severed by the missiles of death. But not until we arrived upon the field of Fair Oaks did we fully realize the magnitude of that terrible two-days struggle. Hundreds of shallow graves, from which the heavy rains had washed the dirt until the arms and legs of the dead protruded above the ground, and hundreds of the dead, as yet unburied, were scattered through the *abatis* which lined the Williamsburg road, and over the swampy, flooded plain. Where CASEY's artillery had been posted the dead horses lay in scores, and three houses, directly in the rear of his unfinished breastworks, were perforated by thousands of bullets.

The brigade marched directly to the front, relieving the Excelsior Brigade in trench duty. Our position during the night was uncomfortable in the extreme. The late attack had imbued our officers with unusual vigilance, and formed in the rear of CASEY's ditches we received strict orders against building fires, or even resting ourselves upon the ground. Through the night, wet and shivering, and surrounded by putrefying corpses, we stood under arms. Gen. GROVER continually trudged through the mud from one end of the line to the other, stirring up those who, against the orders, endeavored to steal a few moments sleep, and making sure that no sudden rebel attack would find the First Brigade napping. The pickets, posted a few hundred yards to our front, kept up a scattering fire, which sometimes, however, grew so brisk

that we sprang hastily into line, expecting the next moment to hear the shrill, discordant yell with which the rebels heralded their charges. Through the night and most of the next day we maintained our position, when we were relieved and camped a short distance to the rear. Some of the regiments pitched their tents in the night, and when the morning came many of the men discovered that they had been sleeping with but a few inches of earth between them and the bodies of the dead. One man, whose survey by the sense of feeling impressed him with the idea that he had secured an elegant site for a tent, was horrified when he opened his eyes the next morning at discovering a hand, long and ghastly, protruding from the ground but a few inches from his head. The rebels, during their temporary possession of the field, had buried most of their men who fell on the first day; but the burial of those who fell on the second day fell to us. This was performed in a very hasty and imperfect manner, and soon the terrible stench which arose from the decaying bodies, aided by hard labor and the swamp water we were obliged to drink, began to tell on the health of the men, and our sick list increased to a frightful degree.

Two brigades from our division were on duty regularly each day, — one under arms as trench and picket guard, the other laboring upon the trenches and redoubts. The remaining brigade lay in camp, liable at any moment to be double-quickened to the front, whenever a threatening demonstration was made on our picket line. Thus we were almost continually on duty of the most fatiguing nature, and a night of uninterrupted rest was something not often realized.

About the middle of July our brigade was reinforced by the arrival of the Sixteenth Massachusetts Regiment, which came to us with full ranks and new clothes, having never seen rougher work than a little picket duty along the Blackwater. They had been three days on their journey to the front, and had suffered during that time almost incredible hardships, having been, as some of the men earnestly avowed, three days without a morsel of soft bread. Their sudden introduction into the stern duties of war, and upon such a field as Fair Oaks, found them but illy prepared for the rough fare and hard blows they were to receive; but they were composed of true metal, and the old men of the First Brigade never had cause to blush for their younger comrades in arms.

Little affairs of the pickets were of almost daily occurrence, rarely assuming a very serious nature. A few days after their arrival, the Sixteenth Massachusetts was sent forward on a reconnoissance, and going in with all the headlong rush of green troops, they stirred up the rebels in furious style, charging clear over the rough breastworks of the rebel picket reserve, and losing not far from sixty men.

On the twenty-third of June, late in the afternoon, five companies of the Second, and a few Massachusetts companies who had been on picket for the previous twenty-four hours, advanced and drove the rebel pickets about a quarter of a mile. Receiving orders to drive the enemy as far as possible, we left our picket posts and crept cautiously forward through the thick growth of bushes. Our route lay over a low swampy piece of ground, where blueberry bushes, bending beneath their burdens of luscious fruit, grew luxuriantly. Our almost uninterrupted

diet of hardbread and salt beef had given us an appetite for a change, and while we crept cautiously forward, expecting every moment to receive the fire of the rebel pickets, we improved the opportunity to fill ourselves with the luxury so bountifully offered. So stealthily did we advance that some of the men were within a rod of the enemy's videttes before discovered. But the report of a rifle, sharp and sudden, had an effect as magical as was the whistle of RODERICK DHU, which

——— "Garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,"

for from every bush and stump rushed forth a live Yankee, and away went the frightened rebel pickets helter-skelter for their reserves. We dashed after them for nearly half a mile, when, coming to a field in which a chimney, blackened by fire, stood solitary sentinel over the ruins of what had once been a peaceful home, we halted for the purpose of reforming our line, it being evident that we had already advanced so far that the companies who were to deploy from our flanks and keep up a connection with the main picket line, had not been able to do so. We were, in fact, isolated, and in a position where a rebel force might have marched unmolested to our rear, and bagged the whole party. While hurriedly discussing the dangers of the situation, we received a sharp volley from the woods across the field, to which we had hardly replied when another volley greeted us from the bushes in the rear, wounding one man of the party. That we were surrounded by rebels was the natural impression, but turning with the determination to make a headlong rush for liberty, we discovered that our new

assailants were some of our own men who had been left in camp sick or on detailed duty, but who, when we advanced, shouldered their rifles and came out to have a hand in the fight. Coming up just at the time we had become engaged with the picket reserves, they became unduly excited, and fired a premature volley which came near being attended with serious consequences. This affair was barely settled, when with a loud yell the rebels came charging down upon us in full force, a solid front, before which we scattered and struck for our lines as rapidly as the rebel pickets had just been obliged to run before us. At the edge of the field in front of our works we found Col. COWDIN, of the First Massachusetts, with several companies of his regiment, upon which we rallied. "Let 'em come on now," said the Colonel. "'There wont half as many go back as come out!" A man was sent up the "lookout tree," who, though the bullets sung merrily about his ears, maintained his position until he had counted several rebel battle flags. But the enemy contented themselves with establishing a strong picket on the old line, and we maintained our former position without any opposition.

This affair of the twenty-third of June was but a prelude to a bloodier one which occurred two days later. On the twenty-fifth the entire division was under arms, and, leaving a portion of the Jersey Brigade in the works, advanced down through the fields to attack the rebels in force. Our brigade made the attack upon the left. We halted upon the edge of the field and the First Massachusetts was sent in to wake up the enemy. They disappeared in the brush, and hardly a minute elapsed before a deafening roar of musketry arose and the wounded came

streaming back in large numbers. The First boys closed in on the rebel pickets with their accustomed impetuosity and captured several of them, among others a lieutenant, who, on his way to the rear, passed Gen. HOOKER and saluted him, which our gallant General returned with true soldierly politeness.

The First soon encountered a stronger force than they could master, and Co. B of the Second was ordered in as a reinforcement. The spiteful crack of their Sharp's rifles soon rose above the din of conflict, and so unflinchingly did they perform their duty that of the forty-two men who went into the fight, twenty-two were killed or wounded. Soon four companies more of the Second were ordered in, and so, a few companies at a time, as needed, we advanced into the melee. The rebels made an obstinate fight but were forced back until we reached the limit of our advance on the twenty-fifth, where a halt was ordered and the lines straightened and established.

While this was being performed a rebel regiment crossed the farther end of the field to our front, in gallant style, at a double-quick step, and entered the bushes near where one of the Jersey regiments was stationed. The Jersey boys, lying flat upon the ground, waited until the rebels were close upon them, when they delivered a volley which for terrible effect hardly had its parallel during the war, according to reports in the Richmond papers of the time. But a very small portion of those who went so bravely upon the field retraced their steps in that helter-skelter flight, and as they came within reach of our rifles we gave them a cross fire which dropped many of those the Jersey boys had spared.

Sharpshooting now became the order of the day, and

bullets were continually spinning across the field in every direction. As a protection against the rebel riflemen our men built a breastwork about two feet high, of rails, logs, and anything convenient, which doubtless saved many lives. The lone chimney about midway across the field was taken possession of by riflemen from the Second, and more than one rebel received his death wound from this advanced post. Rebels with stretchers appeared, picking up their wounded who lay upon the field, but their office was a full guarantee of safety, and not a bullet was directed towards them. Two pieces of our artillery were with great labor hauled through the brush, and brought to bear upon the rebels, who in return brought out a couple of pieces and kept up a lively exchange of shell until our battery, having used up all its ammunition, returned to the works.

Night closed over the scene, but still the riflemen kept steadily popping away, and crouching on the ground we could hear loud orders repeated in the depths of the woods to our front, as if rebel officers were there moving heavy bodies of troops into position.

At midnight we were relieved by a portion of Gen. Couch's Division. The rebels hearing the unusual noise occasioned by the moving troops, opened a brisk fire, when both of our lines faced to the front and poured in one deafening, stunning volley. This was our "good night" to the rebels and a sad one too, judging from the cries of the wounded, the shouts of officers rallying their fleeing men, and the calls for stretchers which ensued.

The loss of the Second this day was not less than seventy men, and other regiments suffered in the same proportion. Yet the position which it had cost so many

lives to gain was abandoned that very night by the troops who relieved us, who came running back towards the fortifications in terrified squads. They had been so long on duty in the rear that they couldn't get the hang of picketing in the face of the enemy. Let this be an excuse for their cowardly conduct, and also the fact that many officers of high rank were not backward in the movement. A few companies were deployed in front of the works, and if the skulkers were not driven back to the picket line they were allowed to go no farther to the rear, and they received cursings enough to satisfy them as to the opinion JOE HOOKER's fighting division entertained of their courage.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RETREAT FROM FAIR OAKS.



THURSDAY and Friday, June twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh, 1862, were fought the battles of Mechanicsville and Gaines' Mills, which resulted in the withdrawal of PORTER'S Corps from the north to the south side of the Chickahominy, and the retreat of the entire army to Harrison's Landing, on the James. In camp at Fair Oaks, we heard the deep "thrum" of PORTER'S siege guns, and at night we were told that "PORTER had whipped them on the right," which ever after was the common expression among the men whenever attempts were made to deceive them as to the true condition of affairs.

Early on the morning of the eighth we were under arms, and commenced the retreat from Fair Oaks. Every article of property which could not be carried was destroyed. Tents were slashed until they were in shreds, barrels of

coffee, sugar, and other commissary articles opened and the contents scattered in the mud of the swamp, gun-barrels were twisted around trees, while their stocks were broken into splinters, and sutlers, with unexampled generosity opened their tents and told the men to help themselves to what they wanted. Our brigade relieved the troops in the works, who marched to the rear down the Williamsburg road, and in a short time we followed and Fair Oaks was abandoned to the rebel pickets, who almost immediately advanced and occupied the field.

About three miles from Fair Oaks we were drawn up in line of battle, connecting with SUMNER upon the right, to cover the passage of our trains across White Oak Swamp. The position of the Second Regiment was such that we had a view of the railroad in the direction of Fair Oaks Station. The smoke of burning camps and Quartermasters' stores hung over all like a thick pall, but it was not long before we could see the forms of the rebels crossing and recrossing the railroad. The pioneers cleared a place in front of the regiment, upon which a battery was placed in a position to rake the railroad. We lay in line full two hours without molestation, when the rebels suddenly opened a battery to the right of our division, one shot from which struck a man lying upon the ground asleep and nearly tore his arm from his body. One of our batteries immediately went into position and silenced the rebel guns. Then a heavy attack was made upon a portion of SUMNER's line, and for a short time the infantry firing was brisk until the rebels were handsomely repulsed. The object of the halt being accomplished the long line of battle melted away from the sight of the rebels, regiment after regiment filing to the rear and marching rapidly down

the road which led to Poplar Hill. The Second Regiment and the Twenty-Sixth Pennsylvania made a blunder which for a time raised serious apprehensions in our minds. The leading regiments marched so rapidly that they gained a considerable distance upon us, and at length coming to a place where two roads branched off the preceding regiments not being in sight we were obliged to guess at which one to take. The left one was chosen, and we had marched rapidly on it for full an hour when we became aware that we were on the wrong track. To go back and take the right road was out of the question, as the rebels were doubtless by that time in possession of the fork, so we kept on with all possible speed, not knowing but what we were marching directly into the rebel lines; but at length we had the pleasure of coming out at Poplar Hill with the rest of the brigade. That night the whole army was safely across White Oak Swamp and the bridge by which it had crossed White Oak Creek torn up to prevent pursuit.

Monday morning the line of our army was formed in a huge semi-circle, extending from White Oak Swamp to Charles City Cross Roads, or Glendale. At the latter place HOOKER's Division lay in the thick woods by the roadside, with pickets thrown out in the direction of Richmond, while the great wagon train of the army was continually rumbling by towards Harrison's Landing. During the forenoon the right of the line was actively engaged with the rebels across White Oak Creek, and at about three o'clock in the afternoon a brisk firing commenced on the picket line to our front. The men knew instinctively that a battle was to ensue and those who were lying upon the ground in the grateful shade of the forest trees, without

waiting for orders rose from their beds of moss and leaves and prepared for action. The divisions of HILL and LONGSTREET, composing the attacking force, rushed so furiously upon our lines, that the Pennsylvania Reserves were forced from the rude entrenchments in which they were stationed, but HOOKER immediately brought his division into action, quickly regaining the position which had been lost by McCALL.

The Second Regiment was detached from the brigade for awhile, and double-quickened full three-quarters of a mile down the dusty road toward the right of the position. We formed in line across a road which led through an open pine forest, but in a short time orders came for us to rejoin the rest of the division. As we retraced our steps the battle was at its height. Forty pieces of artillery, stationed in the field to our right, were showering their deadly missiles upon the woods through which the rebels were advancing, while the infantry were pouring in volley upon volley of musketry. As we reached the broad lane down which the division had marched into the fight, an *aide* of Gen. HOOKER met us, who swung his hat aloft and shouted exultantly, "Gen. HOOKER has whipped the enemy handsomely; and he wants you to join the division," upon which we cheered lustily and marched with lighter hearts than we had before felt since leaving Fair Oaks, to join our brave comrades. We filed in the field and formed our line to the rear of the Massachusetts Sixteenth, which lay behind a rail fence upon the brow of a little ridge facing the woods through which the rebels had advanced. The rebels once repulsed, soon reformed and returned to the fight. At their first volley Col. WYMAN of the Sixteenth fell dead from his horse, and several of the regi-

ment were killed or wounded. The regiment rose to their feet and returned one scattering volley; then came a moment of that halting and indecision which to an experienced eye is evidence that a line is about to give way, and the Sixteenth broke and rushed to the rear, with the exception of a few sturdy heroes who stood up unflinchingly and returned the rebel fire. The Second leaped to their feet and its bayonets formed a bristling wall which neither friend nor foe could scale. The Sixteenth boys soon recovered from their momentary panic, and returned to the fence, and ever after they were ready to thank us that we checked them when they would have tarnished their proud regimental fame, and perhaps brought disaster to the Union cause.

The rebels were again repulsed, whereupon an immediate advance was made by the brigade. The Twenty-Sixth Pennsylvania, upon the left of the Sixteenth, leaped the fence, and charged down into the woods, making a "right half-wheel," which spread the regiment out until it looked like a huge fan; the Sixteenth and Second moved to the right and advanced. The First Massachusetts ran into a terrible snare. Two rebel regiments, formed like a large V, with the open part towards our lines, lay concealed in thick underbrush, into which the First unwittingly rushed. Major CHANDLER and scores of brave men fell before the fire which poured in upon both sides. "Get out of this the best way you can," shouted Gen. Grover, not standing at such a time upon military forms, and the order was promptly obeyed; but it was a sad fragment of the gallant regiment which emerged from the fatal snare.

At nightfall we were moved still farther to the right in support of a New York regiment. The Colonel came to

Col. MARSTON and inquired "Colonel, can I rely upon your regiment to stand by me in case of an attack?" "Yes, sir," exclaimed MARSTON, proudly, "there wont a man of my regiment run away, sir; not a man!" "What regiment is yours?" "The New Hampshire Second!" "Good! I have heard of you before;" and immediately afterwards we heard him exhorting his regiment to do their duty, telling them that one of HOOKER's regiments was supporting them, and "a bully one, too." No attack was made upon our lines after this, although shots were constantly exchanged by the skirmishers. A regiment of "Zouaves" a short distance to our right,—one which figured largely in the illustrated papers of the times,—received a few scattering shots, upon which they broke and ran in confusion. Gen. GROVER and other officers dashed in among them and managed to rally a portion, who were led back to their old position.

Night came, and the noise of battle gradually died away; the firing grew less frequent, and the men, lying in line of battle, hardly uttered a word, as they listened anxiously for the sounds which should herald the expected attack. But as the other sounds died away, the most terrible ones a soldier can hear, those best calculated to unnerve him, the shrieks and groans of the wounded rose painfully sharp and clear upon the night air. Hundreds of wounded, nearly all rebels, lay between the two lines, where neither friend or foe could help them, and the chorus of agonized cries which swelled up from the woods was a commentary upon the cruelty of war which could not but appeal to the hardest of hearts.

Before daybreak of the next morning we marched from the field of battle, upon which we had not been able to

snatch a moment's sleep, and with the utmost haste pressed on toward the goal of our desires, the James river. It was but little after sunrise when we reached Malvern Hill, where the entire army was placed in position for the last great battle of the retreat. Malvern Hill, though very steep and precipitous upon the north and west sides, extends to the east in broad swells, over which the divisions and corps of the great army marched and countermarched to their respective positions, forming one of the grandest military pageants ever seen.

The enemy was close upon our heels, and soon his cavalry and skirmishers appeared upon the field at the point where we had entered it. We watched every movement with breathless interest, the cavalry riding furiously from one point to another, and the infantry skirmishers deploying along the edge of the woods. A rebel light battery suddenly went into position a few hundred yards distant, and saluted us with its iron compliments. The batteries of the division were immediately placed in position, and such a shower of shot and shell poured among the rebel gunners that they limbered up their guns and dashed to the rear with the utmost dispatch, the drivers lashing their horses furiously, and the cannoniers scattering in every direction to escape the concentrated fire of HOOKER's batteries.

The position of HEINTZELMAN's Corps in the line that day was the left centre. No sooner was the line established than the men went to work with a will throwing up breastworks. The Second Regiment, posted in a dense wood, was soon sheltered by a bullet-proof wall, built of the decaying trunks and limbs of trees which were scattered about; and so secure did we feel behind

our rude breastwork, so confident that no force of rebels whatever could drive us from it, that the crack of rebel rifles in our immediate front would have been the most welcome sounds which could have greeted us. Col. MARSTON walked down the line inspecting the work with a satisfied air, accompanied by a volunteer surgeon, whom the pressing want of medical attendance in the army had called temporarily from private life. The fighting had commenced in good earnest to our left, and the men of the regiment, expecting every moment to be attacked, were carefully priming their pieces, spreading bunches of cartridges where they could be readily seized when needed, filling the chinks of the breastwork with sods and sticks, and making the other numberless little preparations which should insure a successful defence of the position. "Your men have got a good position," exclaimed the surgeon, whose eyes were constantly peering into the depths of the woods to our front. "Yes; my boys are great on entrenchments," replied the Colonel. "Do you think you will be attacked?" "Well, we may be; they are at it pretty brisk on the right." "How many men would it take to drive you out of here?" "How many? Well, six thousand might, possibly, but five thousand would get killed doing it." The pluck of the boys would have made good the Colonel's words, had there been occasion to display it, but though the battle raged furiously at other parts of the line, we were not disturbed.

The battle of Malvern Hill is recorded in history as a series of the bloodiest repulses ever inflicted upon any army. The rebels, maddened by the whisky which had been freely dealt out to them, advanced again and again to break the Union lines, but were each time flung back,

with their columns crushed, bleeding and disorganized. Three hundred pieces of artillery, worked by as good gunners and brave as ever any army could boast, poured shell, grape and case-shot into their ranks with merciless profusion. The huge siege guns which had been brought along with the army were posted upon the crest of the hill, to the rear of the light batteries, while the gunboats upon the James hurled their ponderous eleven-inch shells into the dense masses of rebels upon the left. The ground fairly shook beneath this terrible cannonade, which has no parallel in the history of warfare. Never did the world witness more desperate and determined efforts than were put forth by the rebels to gain possession of Malvern Hill; and had their efforts been crowned with success, that day would have been a sad one in American history. The Army of the Potomac would there have ceased to exist as an army, for it would have been driven into the James or forced to surrender; and who can estimate the disasters to the Union cause which would have followed the loss of the great army upon which the loyal North had founded so many hopes? But such disasters were averted by the heroism of the army which, though fearfully outnumbered and retreating before an exultant foe, yet turned day after day and wrested from him victories which will ever be named as proud monuments of northern valor and endurance.

At one time the rebels pressed so fiercely upon the lines that the Excelsior Brigade was withdrawn from our support and hurried to the point of attack, where they arrived in season to give a good account of themselves, making a splendid bayonet charge, and capturing two pieces of artillery.

The day passed with the alternate periods of deafening uproar which attended each attack, and of comparative quiet which followed each bloody repulse, and until late in the night the fiery globes circled through the air; but one by one the guns ceased to work, until the quiet of utter exhaustion reigned over Malvern, and shrouded the two hostile armies, the victors and the vanquished.

CHAPTER X.

HARRISON'S LANDING.



THE "change of base" was effected on the second day of July, the day after the battle of Malvern Hill. A heavy rain set in which soon converted the roads into beds of mud, adding much to the difficulty of moving the wagon trains and artillery, and especially the siege train of huge, unwieldy guns. At Harrison's Landing nearly the whole army was assembled upon the broad fields which bordered the river. Where the road entered the plain, *aides* from each division were stationed to direct the stragglers to their respective commands, and in many regiments this class composed by far the larger portion of the men. The field, under the tread of thousands of feet, was converted into one great sheet of mud, upon which the men were to pitch their tents and make themselves as comfortable as possible. The boughs of trees were laid in the mud and over these, bundles of grain col-

lected from the adjacent fields were spread by the men, that they might enjoy the luxury of a dry and comfortable bed for a short time at least.

The rebels could not let us alone even, then for the day after our arrival they opened with a light battery and threw several shells into the bivouac of our division. A force was immediately sent out from camp which came up in the rear of the obnoxious battery and took charge of the guns, to the infinite disgust of the rebels.

In a few days our lines were established, when we went to work with a will to fortify the position; and it was not long before we were ready to bid defiance to the combined armies of the Confederacy. A line of works of the most elaborate character was constructed, from which hundreds of pieces of artillery commanded every avenue of approach by the front, and the gunboats upon the James formed an equally formidable barrier in that direction. As soon as our works were completed we were allowed a period of rest to prepare ourselves for the struggles yet to come. Besides an occasional review or tour at picket duty there was little to be performed, and the time was passed in erecting bough houses to screen us from the blazing sun, in visiting the various points of interest within our lines, or in bathing in a large mill-pond near the camp of the brigade.

The antiquarians found plenty to interest them. The old house of the HARRISON family, in which President HARRISON was born, was one of the most prominent objects within the lines, and was used as the headquarters of the Signal Corps. Nearer the river stood the mansion of the lords of "Westover," which plantation is mentioned as the second one settled in Virginia. The house was built

more than one hundred and thirty years ago by Col. WILLIAM BYRD, and was a most expensive affair, being built of brick brought from England. One mantle-shelf is reported to have cost twenty-eight hundred dollars, and all the other appurtenances were in keeping. The lawn, extending to the river bank, was inclosed by a brick wall with massive iron gates. In the family burial-ground near the house the lords of the manor were sleeping, with long lists of titles and shining virtues carved upon the crumbling marble. One of these ancient stones recorded the name of "Capt. WILLIAM PERRY," a companion of Capt. JOHN SMITH. Eight miles above "Westover" was "Shirley," another of the old plantations of Virginia. The buildings made of English brick were very extensive, and were built by a man named HILL, whose tombstone records that he died in 1700.

Nothing, however, amused us more than the *news* we received of our movements and condition, through the medium of the northern papers, and the stories which were freely circulated concerning our food, deserve particular mention. These papers represented us as feasting upon all the heart could desire, esculent vegetables and the best quality of meat and bread, when, in reality, the meat was generally the worst description of "smoked sides," oily and unpalatable, which might have passed muster in the rebel army, but was a bitter dose to the beef-eating Yankees; the "vegetables" were of that kind known as "desiccated vegetables," a villainous compound, about as palatable as so many chips, and the man who invented the new way of desiccating vegetables was deservedly unpopular with the Army of the Potomac.

Under the long inaction in which we were held the men

began to chafe and long for active service of some kind to relieve the dull monotony of camp life. Gen. HOOKER seems to have partaken of this feeling, for he devised a plan for the capture of Malvern Hill, then held by a rebel force of several hundred men, with artillery, which plan was approved by Gen. McCLELLAN, and our fighting general ordered to carry it out. On the afternoon of the second day of August the division marched from the entrenched camp to execute the movement, but being misled by a guide, it returned the same night. On the fourth, however, we again set out, and this time there was no misleading or taking wrong roads. The division followed a circuitous route which led to Charles City Cross Roads, the scene of the great battle on the thirtieth of June. In light marching order, and with the cool invigorating night air in our favor, we marched rapidly, passing through mile after mile of pine forest and Virginia clearings, and it was late in the night when we approached Charles City Cross Roads, which was held by rebel pickets. As the success of the movement depended much upon its secrecy, the utmost silence was enjoined upon the men. The inhabitants along the line of our march had all been placed under guard, that they might not carry news of the movement to the rebels, and in the bivouac that night where thousands of men lay upon their arms within pistol shot of the enemy's pickets, not a loud or incautious word was spoken, by which the rebels might gain a clue to the movement, but silently the men munched their hardtack, washed it down with a drink of water from their canteens, and stretched themselves upon the ground with their trusty rifles by their sides.

With the first beams of approaching day we were

roused from our slumbers. Col. MARSTON busied himself with waking the sleepers, giving to this one a poke with his foot, to the next one a punch in the ribs with his sword scabbard, and so on. Coming to a surly fellow who was snoring away at a furious rate and showing no signs of waking, he gave him a vigorous punch and an order to rout out. The sleeper went on with his snoring and gave not a sign of obeying orders, when the colonel gave him a still rougher poke, upon which the half-roused man gave his tormentor a gruff invitation to go to the father of iniquity, adding that he had better let him alone for he "didn't belong to his company." "You don't, do you! I'll learn you whose company you belong to, you rascal," exclaimed the colonel, and he gave the irate soldier a few vigorous blows with the flat of his sword, which brought him to his feet instantler, perfectly satisfied when he discovered that it was "OLD GIL" who had been pounding him instead of some lieutenant or captain.

The regiment of cavalry and the batteries of flying artillery which accompanied the expedition took the lead. The rebel pickets at the Cross Roads fired a few shots and then dashed away, while our column turning sharp to the left, took the same road which we had followed on the retreat from Glendale to Malvern Hill. Small squads of rebel cavalry hovered about the flank and rear of the column, picking up the stragglers, although sometimes the stragglers had things their own way, as was the case with one party from our brigade which encountered a squad of rebels of equal numbers and forced them to give up their arms, dismount and trudge afoot, while the weary victors took their places in the saddle.

A number of rebel pickets were captured by the cav-

alry, and as we approached Malvern Hill the rebels opened with two pieces of artillery. This battery was posted by the side of a quaint old brick house which during the battle of Malvern Hill had been prominent as a signal station. Even before we came in sight of the rebel gunners they were planting their shells fairly in the ranks of the division, which was effected by means of a lookout, who, stationed upon the top of the house, could observe our movements and direct the aim of the gunners beneath.

Our cavalry was massed behind a thin screen of pines when we arrived upon the field, but the batteries were in position and replying to the rebel fire briskly and with splendid accuracy of aim. Gen. HOOKER, seated upon his favorite white horse, and surrounded by his staff, coolly directed our movements from beneath the shadow of a broad-spreading wayside tree. Our brigade was quickly formed in line of battle, and had the movements of the rest of the division been executed with equal celerity, the capture of the entire force on the hill would have been insured. The rebels were between two fires, the gunboats upon the James opening upon them with eleven-inch shell from a point directly opposite our position. Many of these shell not exploding at the proper moment passed harmlessly by the rebels and came howling about our own ears, so that at times we were really in greater danger from our friends than from the enemy. One of these monster bolts struck not three feet from one of the men and exploded in the ground, enveloping the soldier in a cloud of dust and smoke, from which he emerged terribly frightened, but with not a scratch or a bruise resulting from the affair.

The only avenue of retreat for the rebels was the river

road leading north toward Richmond. Gen. PATTERSON was ordered with the Jersey Brigade to take possession of this road and thus bag the rebels upon the hill, but this general—the truth may as well be plainly told—was, on this occasion at least, too drunk to attend to his duties, and failing to move promptly the rebels limbered up their guns and dashed off towards Richmond at a furious pace. Thus the main body of the rebels escaped, and we captured only about a hundred men. When it became evident that the rebels were running, we immediately advanced and occupied the hill, the mounted officers and orderlies dashing across the fields after the scattered squads of gray-backs whose speed was not sufficient to enable them to keep up with their comrades. Lieut. JOE HUBBARD, then *aide de camp* for Gen. GROVER, dashed alone after a squad of five, headed them off, and told them they might as well go back with him for they could not escape. They took his word and allowed themselves to be captured by one man. Squads of rebel pickets kept hurrying in from the woods and were somewhat surprised to find the hill in possession of the “Yanks,” and themselves prisoners to their hated enemy. Where the enemy’s battery had been posted two ghastly rebels lay upon the ground, one still firmly clasping in his lifeless hands the shell which he was carrying to his gun when he fell.

Our cavalry regiment was sent in pursuit of the fleeing rebels, and followed them sharply for several miles, having a few skirmishes, in one of which the lieutenant colonel in command was mortally wounded.

This movement, though a failure in its main object, the capture of the rebel force upon the hill, was most effectual in arousing to activity the rebel army in Richmond, and

an immense force was dispatched to retake the position. On the sixth we were reinforced by the divisions of COUCH and SEDGWICK, and as the rebel force was in our immediate vicinity a smart fight was anticipated, and our preparations were made accordingly. The line of battle was formed in the most favorable position, the batteries posted, and houses which interfered with the range of the guns burned to the ground; but after occupying the hill for two days orders were received from Gen. McCLELLAN to retire to our entrenchments at Harrison's Landing, which movement was effected on the morning of the seventh, so silently that the rebel pickets knew nothing of it until the morning light revealed the unoccupied hill. During the night the Second Regiment was formed in line of battle across a road leading to the hill, extending on either side into a dense forest. Not a picket was thrown out, but hour after hour the men stood in line so silently that there was hardly a sound to break the deep quiet of that Virginia forest, except the wild call of the whippowil or a momentary rustle occasioned by some soldier changing the position of his weary limbs. No attack was made, however, and long before morning we were withdrawn from the position, and by night the whole force was again under cover of the entrenchments at Harrison's Landing.

With the inauguration of HALLECK as General-in-Chief came a new programme of operations against Richmond, the approach by way of the Peninsula being abandoned and Gen. McCLELLAN ordered to join his army to that of Gen. POPE, which was then menacing Richmond from the north. In pursuance of these orders Harrison's Landing was evacuated on the sixteenth day of August, the knapsacks of the men and the heavy material of the

army having been previously sent away upon transports down the James.

The march down the Peninsula occupied five days. On the twenty-first the regiment embarked on the "State of Maine," and the following day the little fleet bearing "JOE HOOKER'S fighting division" steamed away from under the guns of Yorktown and Gloucester, out upon the billowy Chesapeake.

The campaign upon the Peninsula was ended,—that campaign which had begun so auspiciously and with such promise, and which, though recorded as a long series of victorious sieges, battles and skirmishes, will yet present the strange contradiction of a fruitless and even disastrous one. Of all that great army which had landed so proudly upon the "sacred soil" none had won a more glorious name than the Division of JOE HOOKER, which, under the guidance of their brave leader, had ever plunged bravely into the shock of battle, well knowing that the clear mind of a true soldier guided the movement, and one who loved his men too well to sacrifice their lives in aimless or useless conflicts.

Let no prouder record be left for it than the words of Gen. HOOKER himself: "It always slept upon the field where it fought."

CHAPTER XI.

THE SECOND BULL RUN CAMPAIGN.



URING the night of the twenty-third the division arrived at Alexandria, and disembarked the following morning. Late in the afternoon of the twenty-fifth we were packed upon cattle trains, every available space, inside and out, being covered, and whirled away over the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to reinforce Gen. POPE. We arrived at Manassas Junction in the night. Our former pilgrimage to this place in 1861 having unfortunately ended several miles distant, we felt a great interest in the locality, and strained our eyes to discover what sort of a place it might be. But all we could make out in the darkness was the general outline of the immense plain, with the redoubts built by the rebels looming up dimly against the background of blue sky. The train stopped a few minutes at the Junction, and the cavalry guard stationed there learning that

we were "some of McCLELLAN's men," surrounded the cars and became very communicative. The very name of "OLD STONEWALL" we found was a terror to them, and not without reason, for the very next night he came down with a swoop like a hawk, and carried away the whole crowd. That they were badly demoralized was but too evident, and the men who had been trained under HOOKER to fear no earthly man or power, laughed scornfully at their terror, and told them that they had brought a general or two up from the Peninsula to show OLD STONEWALL a few tricks in strategy that he never dreamed of. Yet, as we afterwards learned from prisoners, his advance guard was even then concealed by the side of the railroad, where they might easily have fired into the train had it not been his policy to conceal their proximity.

At midnight we arrived at Warrenton Junction, and the next day we went into camp in a beautiful position, near Cedar Creek. Perhaps the beauty of the place was enhanced in the eye of the men by the fact that the conveniences for foraging were unlimited. Large fields of green corn waved in the breeze, and orchards of peach and apple trees, and in a stone mill not far from camp was stored hundreds of bushels of wheat, which the men ground up into flour as fast as the mill-stones could turn it out.

In this Virginian paradise we were assured that we should probably remain for several days; but alas for the frailty of human hopes, we spent just one night in our new camp. Early on the morning of the twenty-seventh we were roused from our sweet slumbers, and ordered to be in readiness to march at five o'clock. The occasional report of a cannon in the direction of Manassas indicated

to our minds that there was trouble in the rear, and the name of STONEWALL JACKSON was naturally coupled with any rebel movement in that direction. And sure enough the great rebel leader was there, having descended through the gaps of the mountains with forty thousand men, and captured Manassas Junction with its garrison and the immense train of valuable material accumulated there. But if JACKSON was rapid in his movement, the counter movements to check and punish him were equally prompt. The various corps of POPE's army were immediately withdrawn from the line of the Rapidan, and set in motion to intercept and crush JACKSON in case he might attempt to retreat through the gaps of the Blue Ridge.

Our corps, the nearest the scene of action, marched down the railroad directly for Manassas Junction. At Catlett's Station, but about three miles from where we had encamped, the first evidences of the raid presented themselves in the remains of several wagons which had been burned; and here a heavy skirmish line was thrown out to cover the advance of the column, companies K and B being detached from the Second Regiment for that purpose. The day was intensely hot, and many cases of sunstroke occurred, yet the column was pushed forward with all of HOOKER's accustomed energy. At various points we encountered the ruins of bridges and culverts, and at length, as we emerged from the woods into a broad field, a rebel battery was discovered in position upon the other side. The line of battle was immediately formed, with GROVER's Brigade upon the right of the railroad, but when we advanced the rebel battery disappeared in the direction of Manassas, without firing a shot.

About two miles further on, however, we came upon a

portion of JACKSON's force drawn up in line of battle at Kettle Run, near a point upon the railroad known as Bristow Station. Our two skirmish companies nearly ran into the rebel line, concealed in a dense growth of little pines, before they discovered it. In fact, Company B would inevitably have been taken prisoners or slaughtered *en masse* had not the orderly sergeant of Company K seen the danger just in season to prevent such a catastrophe. Our main column was at this time concealed from the sight of the rebels by a screen of pine trees, and although our skirmish line was permitted to withdraw without firing a shot, they opened briskly with a battery, bursting their shells directly over our heads. One of our batteries was pushed along by the side of the railroad through the woods, and was soon working briskly, supported by portions of the Jersey and Excelsior Brigades.

During the height of the engagement the rebels attempted a charge, and came rushing down upon our brave men with a yell which was expected to intimidate and put to flight; but the men opposed to them had heard that same yell too often to feel the tremor of fear, and with shouts as loud and as fierce they dashed forward to meet the rebels. This was more than the gray-backs had bargained for or expected, and the grand rebel charge suddenly ended in an "about face," executed with amazing celerity, and a display of ragged coat-tails which would have excited the envy of any Chatham-street dealer in "old clo'."

The rebel force now made for Manassas with all possible speed, and though HOOKER had no cavalry to harass them he pushed his infantry rapidly forward in pursuit. Our brigade marched across the battle field, thickly scat-

tered with the bodies of the slain, and through the camps of the rebels, which they had been obliged to leave so unexpectedly that their beef still lay in the same places where the cattle had been slaughtered, their food was yet cooking over the camp fires, and kettles and other camp equipage were scattered about just as they had left them when called to take their places in the line of battle. The rebels for a time kept up a sharp fire upon the brigade from a light battery, which, however, was limbered up and drawn away as fast as we came too close for the safety of the guns.

The division at nightfall halted within about a mile of Manassas Junction, and that night men who at the front performed picket duty, beheld in the eastern sky the light of burning trains and stores which JACKSON was destroying, preparatory to an evacuation of the place.

The next morning the division of Gen. RENO came up, and after a short halt to rest from its forced march, during which the general advanced to the picket line and made himself acquainted with the position of affairs, it continued on towards Manassas, which was found abandoned, JACKSON having moved in the direction of Centreville three hours before.

In the afternoon HOOKER's Division also advanced, passing through the Junction, and going into bivouac late in the night at Blackburn's Ford, on Bull Run Creek, about midway between Manassas Junction and Centreville.

The following morning, the twenty-ninth of July, was ushered in by the booming of cannon far away to the northwest, indicating that JACKSON had encountered some portion of our force in that direction. We were soon in motion, rapidly following the broad ridge of land which

terminates at Centreville in the celebrated Centreville Heights. From that point, commanding a view of the whole country as far as the Blue Ridge, we could see the smoke of battle ascending above the tree-tops many miles away, while long lines of white dust showed where the various divisions of the army were centering in upon the rebel lion at bay.

We took the same road McDOWELL had advanced on thirteen months before, but arriving at the point where HUNTER had made his detour to the right we continued straight forward upon the road the left column had taken on that occasion. The reports of artillery greeted our ears at intervals, and as we drew near the scene of action scattered volleys of musketry became audible. About a mile from the battle field we met several hundred of our men unarmed and marching to the rear. These were JACKSON's prisoners, whom he had paroled and sent into our lines as soon as it became evident that he had got to fight, well knowing that every one of his men would be needed in beating back the Union legions pouring down upon him.

It was not far from noon when we reached the field, Gen. HEINTZELMAN, surrounded by his staff, sat upon his horse by the side of the road, pointing out to a general officer the position of the troops engaged. "There," he exclaimed, pointing with his finger to the right, "is KEARNEY's line, extending from that house to where you see that gun flash." Our brigade was assigned for the day to Gen. SIGEL, who was engaging the enemy in the centre, and we marched rapidly down the road to our position. The scene was familiar to most of the men in the regiment, for we were upon the old Bull Run battle field.

Looking up the hill to the right we saw the field where the regiment had received its first baptism of fire, and to the left the hill where the rebel battery had stood which first opened upon us on that memorable twenty-first of July. We crossed the road down which we had advanced to make our last fight in that ill-starred action, and the men pointed out the very spots where friends and comrades had fallen, and looked anxiously to see if there might not be a mound of earth in the immediate vicinity to indicate the burial places of the martyred heroes. The buildings which had been used as hospitals were still standing, and stacks of grain which had served as shelter for the sharpshooters; the sun shone just as bright and clear as on that day, and all the surroundings brought it most vividly to mind. After months of danger and hardship passed through in safety, the inscrutable mysteries of war had brought us back to the scene of our first conflict, there to make a still further donation of precious lives to the cause we had sworn to maintain—the lives of men who had rejoiced over their own escape from the dangers of that former fight while lamenting the loss of comrades who had fallen, but whose forms now moulder by the side of the friends they so truly mourned.

The brigade was massed not far from the little village of Groveton, near the woods in which the rebel lines were formed awaiting an attack. A scattering fire of musketry was heard in the woods to our front, and occasionally a smart volley, accompanied by the cheers of a charge. The rebel batteries, posted on a hill to the rear of their infantry lines, threw a shell over our heads just often enough to let us know that they were aware of our presence. One of our batteries attempted to go into position near the

brigade, but the rebel guns poured in such a fire of shell at short range that they were glad to get out of the way as soon as possible.

We remained in this position fully two hours, when orders were received from Gen. SIGEL to advance into the woods and charge the rebels. To hear was to obey, and the line was formed silently in the open field at the edge of the woods, the First Massachusetts upon the right, the Eleventh upon the left, and the flag of the Old Second floated in the centre. The Sixteenth Massachusetts and Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania formed a second line, and beside these two regiments the three assaulting regiments were entirely without reserve; three small regiments, numbering not more than a thousand men, to charge unsupported upon the entire corps of EWELL, in a chosen position, and formed in a triple line of battle! Yet the gallant brigade was never in better spirits for the fight, and never made a more gallant one than on this occasion.

There was for a moment an earnest consultation between Gen. GROVER, his colonels, and an officer who was acquainted with the lay of the land and the position of the rebels. "They are behind a railroad bank, and the only way you can dislodge them is to charge," we heard the officer tell GROVER, and well we knew that a few minutes would precipitate us into a fight such as we had hardly ever seen.

Col. MARSTON came to the regiment and quietly gave the order, "Fix bayonets!" A cloud was on his brow, for he fully realized the position we were to advance upon, and his heart was sad in contemplating the useless slaughter of his brave boys which must ensue.

Gen. GROVER, still maintaining his imperturbable

smile, uttered a few words, and to the point: "Don't waste a shot, my men—let every bullet tell." Then came the magical word, "Forward," and the men advanced into the woods, to honor, to glory, and many, too many, to the grave. No sound was heard but the crashing of the underbrush, or the muttered orders to "Give way to the right," or "to the left." The left of the line soon encountered an open field, where a halt was ordered, and Gen. GROVER stepped forward to reconnoitre. Several Union soldiers, dead and wounded, lay about in the bushes, and a dozen bullets whistled about the general. The line was moved further to the right, and then again came the order, "Forward."

The moment was now close at hand which might usher any of us into eternity, and well we knew that the lives of many were numbered by minutes or even seconds. Yet not a man was there who flinched in that dreadful moment, for all so inclined had as usual been suddenly taken sick when the first sounds of conflict were heard, and were then lurking in the rear, ready to recover whenever the battle should be decided.

Suddenly the deafening roar of thousands of muskets broke the stillness of the woods, and a shower of bullets tore through the air. "Charge!" shouted GROVER, at the top of his voice, and with a loud, ringing New England yell, we dashed forward, every man for himself. In a moment the Second had swept over the railroad upon the first line of rebels. This line was taken at a disadvantage, for most of the men, loth to expose themselves above their breastwork, had delivered their volley from the ground, and were still in a prostrate condition when we leaped into their midst. Some few of the bravest

attempted resistance, but the bullet or the bayonet did its work quickly with such ; some threw up their hands, begging for mercy, and were either taken to the rear or left lying upon the ground, while those of the Second who remained uninjured, wild with excitement, dashed after those who were running for their second line. Suddenly right in our faces burst a sheet of flame, and the second line rose from the bushes to receive us. But almost before they could realize it, our fearfully diminished and disorganized regiment was upon them and in their very midst. For a moment there was a desperate struggle between the fiery Georgian regiment we encountered and the sturdy Granite State boys. The dull "thug" of the bayonets as they were buried in quivering flesh, the sharp crack of rifles and revolvers, the whistle of bullets, the fierce shouts of hatred and the moans of the wounded, ascended together from that scene of deadly conflict. But northern pluck was bound to win, and soon the second rebel line was scattered and put to flight. Scores of our men had by this time been placed *hors de combat*, and no semblance of formation as a regiment remained, but with unloaded pieces the men dashed after the flying rebels.

EWELL, the rebel leader, had been carried to the rear with a shattered leg, two of his lines had been broken before our fierce onset, and victory was apparently within our grasp ; but another line was yet to be encountered, the last one, against which it might have seemed madness for our scattered squads to throw themselves. But without counting the fearful odds in numbers to be encountered, we closed in upon this last obstacle between us and victory ; and even that line showed signs of breaking, having doubtless been somewhat demoralized by the quick

and uncereemonious manner with which we had disposed of the two lines in their front. But our charge was suddenly checked at the very moment when it seemed about to be crowned with complete success. Our headlong rush had carried us much farther than either the First or the Eleventh had penetrated, and thus while we had hewed a deep notch into the rebel position, the second line at least upon either flank was left intact, in a position to close in upon our flanks and rear. This was what the rebels did. A sharp volley greeted us from the right, which we had no sooner returned than another came from the left. We had hardly men enough to form a respectable skirmish line, and with rebels swarming upon three sides it was useless to longer maintain the fight; so we turned and fled towards the railroad, barely escaping capture, and leaving many of our wounded in the hands of the enemy, among others the brave Captain JOSHUA F. LITTLEFIELD of Company B, who, with several severe wounds upon his body, lay exposed upon the field for many days, and finally died. First Sergeant FRANK O. ROBINSON, of Company C, shot through the bowels, was also left behind, dying. "I might have brought him out," said Captain CARR, of the same company, "but he was dying—is dead by this time; so I helped out one of my men who was not so badly wounded but that he has a chance to recover." Just after crossing the railroad, the writer encountered Lieutenant SYLVESTER ROGERS, of Company G, with one wound through his leg, near the knee, and another in the small of his back, from which the blood was pouring in a torrent. One of the men from his own company, with an arm around him, was endeavoring to urge him forward, and with the writer's assistance he was

carried several rods, when in answer to our words of encouragement, "Cheer up, ROGERS, we will carry you safely out of this," he uttered a faint moan, gasped, his head fell forward upon his breast,—he was dead! We laid his lifeless form upon the ground, and left it where rebel bullets were singing the patriot officer's requiem.

The rebel artillery, which had remained silent while the opposing forces were mingled together, now opened fire, and vigorously shelled the woods through which we were retreating; but so scattered were our men that no damage was done, except to the tree tops through which the missiles screamed and crashed.

Shattered and bleeding the brigade emerged into the field where the line had formed for the charge. Here the flight ended, the men rallying around the colors of their respective regiments with shouts which showed how little daunted they were by the ordeal through which they had passed. A line was hastily formed in the open field, about two hundred yards from the edge of the woods, where the men, lying behind the shelter of a slight ridge of land, awaited the attack which GROVER, with a true soldier's intuitive foresight, knew might be expected.

The brigade in which was the Sixth New Hampshire Regiment arrived at this time, and disappeared in the woods just to the right of where we had entered. We heard a roll of musketry, lasting but a few moments, and then the scattered squads came pouring back into the field, the brigade not having been able to penetrate even so far as the railroad.

This repulse was followed up by an immediate advance on the part of the rebels, although the officers of the regiments which encountered our brigade in its furious

charge were obliged in many cases to drive their men forward with their swords, they not relishing the rough manner in which HOOKER's men had handled them in the former encounter.

The rebel line appeared in the edge of the woods, and the fight was renewed by a well-directed volley which we delivered into their dense ranks. There was sharp work for a few minutes, but what could the bravery of our decimated brigade avail against the overwhelming numbers opposed to it? Officers and men were falling upon either hand, and we commenced to fall back toward the hill upon which our batteries were posted under the direction of HOOKER. Exultant yells arose from the rebel lines, which, however, were of short duration, for one of our batteries came tearing down the hill, went into position, and hurled round after round of deadly canister into the rebel ranks, which created such slaughter that they disappeared as suddenly as if the ground had opened and swallowed them into its depths.

During this affair many of our best men fell, among the bravest of whom was Lieut. NORTON R. MOORE, of Company F, who for his daring at Fair Oaks on the twenty-fifth of June had been promoted from the rank of sergeant major, and whose hand at the time of his death bore the unhealed wound he had received on that occasion.

The remnants of the brigade were now collected together beneath a little clump of trees by the side of Bull Run Creek, and the rolls called that we might estimate the loss we had sustained. The Second Regiment went into that fight with three hundred and thirty-two men, and of these sixteen were reported killed, eighty-seven

wounded, and twenty-nine missing. Of those reported missing, the greater part have never been heard from. Shot down in the dense woods through which we had charged they had fallen and died unobserved by any of their comrades; and the only record which can ever be made of their fate is, that they were "missing in action."

Twenty-one commissioned officers went into the fight with the Second, and of these ten were killed or wounded. Lieutenants ROGERS and MOORE were killed, and Captain LITTLEFIELD was mortally wounded; Lieutenant HOLMAN received a terrible wound in the thigh, which incapacitated him from ever performing duty in the field; Lieutenant COOPER, shot through the right lung, was at first reported mortally wounded, but finally recovered; and Lieutenants BALLARD, ROBERTS, STEELE, YOUNG and GORDON were all slightly wounded.

The habitual smile for once vanished from GROVER's face. MARSTON could hardly restrain the tears when he visited the hospital where so many of his men were lying mutilated and bleeding; and HOOKER, when he saw the fate of his old brigade, murmured sadly, "Too bad! too bad! My brave men!"

That night our entire division slept just to the rear of our line of batteries, upon the identical spot where the Second Regiment had formed its first line of battle in the fight of 1861. Our batteries were exchanging shots with the rebel guns until late into the evening, when darkness closed the first day's work of the Second Bull Run Battle.

The forenoon of the thirtieth passed very quietly, but about two o'clock in the afternoon the battle was renewed, upon the ridge to the south, where McDOWELL's Corps was formed in line of battle. LEE, descending through

the gaps in the Blue Ridge, had arrived upon the field with his entire army, and was directing his battalions against this portion of our line. A long line of forest, which we could see in the distance, screened the movements of his troops from our observation, while the whole extent and formation of McDOWELL's line could be easily observed from elevated points within his lines. A few shells from a rebel battery, which suddenly appeared in the edge of these woods, created an immense commotion among McDOWELL's men, and they streamed to the rear in numbers which suggested to our minds either that there must have been an extraordinary proportion of camp followers, cooks, waiters and other non-combatants, or that those whose business it was to do the fighting were deserting their posts upon the approach of danger. McDOWELL, ever unfortunate, did not possess the confidence of his men, and hundreds and thousands deserted their posts without a show of fighting, most of them only too glad to excuse their shameful cowardice by declaring that it was of no use to fight where McDOWELL led, for the day was sure to go against them. So much the more credit to those who stood and maintained the battle bravely, even though they may not have had the fullest confidence in the abilities of their general.

By four o'clock the engagement had extended along the whole line, and the thunder of battle shook the earth. HOOKER's division watched the progress of the conflict with intense interest. Regiment after regiment marched up the slope to reinforce the battling line, with ranks splendidly formed, bayonets glistening in the sun, and banners floating proudly on the summer air. The Old Flag was gallantly sustained, and at times our hopes were

bright that the results of the battle might be a brilliant victory. Officers mentioned the names of PORTER, SUMNER and FRANKLIN, and spoke of the thousands of men they would shortly bring into the fight; but most of these troops were nearer Washington than the battle field, and PORTER, upon whom more depended than upon almost any other man, was committing that unpardonable crime which his friends can neither excuse nor palliate.

Suddenly the orders rang out for our division to "fall in," for the rebels were advancing upon our immediate front from a point near the village of Groveton. Our batteries rapidly replied to a rebel battery which opened upon them, and the division hastened forward to repel the threatened attack, which proved to have been only a feint, as the rebel force quickly disappeared back into the woods from which it had emerged.

This affair was hardly over before an *aide* of Gen. HOOKER dashed up with orders for the entire division to report upon "the other hill" immediately. Batteries were limbered up in a hurry, and we moved rapidly in the direction indicated.

In the movements of the troops we could now read the sad fact that the day was against us,—that POPE, deserted by those upon whom he had too implicitly relied, was withdrawing his forces rapidly from the unequal fight. Moving from one point to another the brigade formed several lines of battle, and, as a curious coincidence, it may be mentioned that the last line formed by the Second Regiment in this fight was upon the identical spot where in the first battle of Bull Run it had paid its farewell compliments to the enemy, in the deep-gullied road where Companies B and I had maintained themselves

until forced from their position by JOHNSTON's arrival upon the field.

That night the army fell back to Centreville. We forded Bull Run Creek where the water was waist deep, and traveled rapidly in this second retreat from the ill-fated battle ground; but although the road was crowded with troops, with wagons and batteries of artillery, all pressing forward as fast as possible, there was but little confusion, and not a sign of the panic which had animated the former retreat.

The army occupied the old rebel works upon Centreville Heights and invited an attack, which the rebels were wise enough to decline. But on the first day of October they attempted to get possession of the road between Centreville and Fairfax Court House, and the divisions of HOOKER, KEARNEY and STEVENS were sent to the threatened point. The battle of Chantilly ensued, and the rebels were driven back, but not until two of the division generals had been killed, STEVENS and KEARNEY. But few men could have been more sincerely mourned by our division than was the latter of these. Brave and chivalric, his soul a brand of patriotic fire, no brighter model of northern chivalry can be named than one-armed PHIL. KEARNEY. Commanding the twin division of HEINTZELMAN's Corps, his name and HOOKER's had been indissolubly bound together in the history of many a hard-fought battle, and his form was familiar to the men of our division, as with his reins in his teeth and his lone arm swinging his sword in air, he led his men into battle. Farthest from the scene of action when HOOKER opened the ball at Williamsburg, and yet the first to come to his assistance, the same spirit which actuated him then cost

him his life at Chantilly. It is reported that STEVENS, when he became aware of the numbers opposed to him, sent to other generals for assistance. His appeal was put off successively by one general after another, until it came to KEARNEY, but there it met a hearty response. "Yes," exclaimed the general; "I wont refuse to stand by STEVENS." And not an hour had passed before he lay dead within the rebel lines. The next morning his body was sent into our lines, to be mourned over by the brave men of his division, by the army, and by the entire loyal North.

This battle was fought in the midst of a cold drizzling rain, which soaked to the skin and rendered our condition as uncomfortable as could well be imagined. The brigade was in a position covering the road over which our trains were crowding towards Washington, and with pickets thrown out into the woods upon our front, we stood in line, cold and shivering, while the battle was being fought upon the right. Numbers of the wounded passed us on their way to Centreville to find hospitals, and also many demoralized skulkers, who could tell much more about the fight than those who had been "facing the music" of the rebel bullets. A mounted officer, a lieutenant, claiming to have been the adjutant of one of the regiments engaged, furnished an immense fund of amusement for our boys to enliven their cheerless position. His regiment had been "all cut to pieces," and hardly a man had escaped to tell the tale,—so he informed us,—and while he made great efforts to appear wholly unconcerned, the men quickly realized the true state of his mind, and went to work to harrow up his already over-tasked feelings. He made particular inquiries as to the roads in the vi-

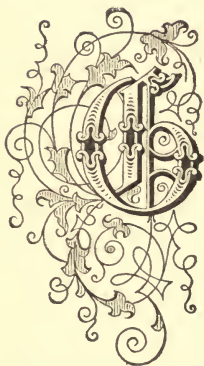
cinity, where they led to, whether there were any rebels on them, and so on, and the men were very communicative, in fact much more so than usual on these points. The poor fellow's eyes distended wider and wider with fear as the appalling dangers of the situation were narrated to him, and, to tell the truth, had half the stories he swallowed so readily been true, no earthly power could have saved us from annihilation.

The fighting was kept up long after the darkness of night had come, but when the firing had ceased and the rebels, thwarted and beaten, had retired from the field, we were withdrawn from the position we had held, and marched to a point near the scene of the battle, where was spent a cheerless and uncomfortable night, one-third of the men remaining under arms, while the remainder sought rest and sleep, although exposed to a pelting rain.

Two days later, on the afternoon of the third, the division arrived at Alexandria, where for a time it formed a portion of Gen. BANKS' Corps, occupying Washington and its defences, while the army was engaged in the campaign which at the great battle of Antietam, so gloriously turned back the tide of rebel invasion from northern soil.

CHAPTER XII.

FROM ALEXANDRIA TO FALMOUTH.



GEN. HOOKER having been appointed to the command of McDOWELL's old corps, the command of our division devolved upon Gen. SICKLES; but though our new commander was deservedly popular with his men, yet the division still proudly bore the name of "HOOKER's Division," allowing no other name to usurp the place of his who, taking it in its infancy, had trained and reared it in the art of war, and led it forth a giant in strength to glorious victory. At the same time the brigade lost its general, GROVER, he being appointed to a more important command in another department.

Our duty was by no means light while we remained in Alexandria. After camping for a few days near Fort Lyon, we removed to Fairfax Seminary, and then commenced an almost uninterrupted round of duty. With

our small number of men we were obliged to maintain a very long picket line, about two miles out from camp, and large details were made daily from the division to dig upon the forts and other works in the vicinity. So we were not sorry when, on the first day of November, the division broke camp and took up its line of march in the direction of Manassas, which place we occupied on the third, while SIGEL's Corps was pushed forward to take possession of the important passes in the Blue Ridge. Our duty now consisted of guarding the line of the railroad to Alexandria, and for this purpose the division was scattered in detachments at the most important points. The Second Regiment, with a battery, was sent to occupy the heights of Centreville. A section of artillery was placed in each of three redoubts, which, forming the points of a triangle of works, supported each other, and commanded the country about, and upon the area inclosed by this great triangle the regiment was encamped.

The log barracks built and formerly occupied by the rebels, were still standing, and from the doors, shelves, tables and other articles containing boards we soon erected comfortable quarters—little huts, warm and dry, accommodating from one to a half dozen persons, with fireplaces of stone or brick, and with wood enough close at hand to have supplied the whole army, in the old barracks of the enemy.

On the seventh came the first snow-storm of the season, and the sentinels who from the three redoubts surveyed the country beneath, its hills and valleys and roads and fields, to detect the first sign of any hostile approach, were by no means to be envied in their exposed position. At night the men in camp kept close within their snug

shanties, listened to the dismal howling of the wind outside, and basked in the genial warmth of the fires which blazed in their rude fireplaces, and above all thanked their lucky stars that they were not detailed for guard that night.

We furnished a provost guard for the village of Centreville, and occasionally an escort for a wagon train going to McCLELLAN or SIGEL, and all in all, our duties, though well performed, were light, and the time passed very pleasantly. Many of the men visited the battle field of Bull Run, either to gratify their curiosity or to identify the remains of comrades who had fallen in the two battles. A few bodies were identified, among which was that of Orderly Sergeant FRANK O. ROBINSON, which was first recognized by the teeth, and then, after a removal of dirt from the breast, by his name marked upon the shirt. The sword scabbard of Lieut. NORTON R. MOORE was also found near the spot where he fell.

We remained at Centreville until the eighteenth, when we marched to join the main army at Falmouth, then under command of Gen. BURNSIDE, who had superseded Gen. McCLELLAN. One of SIGEL's regiments was to garrison the heights and occupy the little huts we had erected, which arrangement was not to the liking of some of our men, who declared that if they had been continually engaged in digging trenches for other troops to fight behind, they were not willing also to build barracks for them to live in. This was, of course, a foolish spirit, but when we consider that some of the men had but just completed their houses after a great deal of labor, it will be seen that it was also a very natural one. So many of these cross-grained fellows applied the torch to the dry

boards of which the huts were composed, and we left Centreville amidst clouds of smoke, and followed by the curses of a half dozen Dutch officers, who were running around briskly among the burning buildings and pouring forth in broken English their maledictions upon the "tam rascals who had turned up their men's shanties."

During the first halt after leaving Centreville, one of those laughable incidents occurred which furnish such a fund of amusement to enliven the dull passages of soldier life. Newspapers had been a rarity in our regiment for some time, and we were almost entirely in the dark as to the movements of the outside world. One of the men, espying a piece of newspaper near where he was resting, picked it up and glanced at it. "Halloo!" he exclaimed, "if here aren't a paper with the latest news from the seat of war. Let me see—dated the thirteenth; well, that's not very old, is it!" and while the men clustered around he began to read an article, which from the liberal display of headings promised to be of unusual importance. "SHERMAN'S EXPEDITION," was the opening, and the sage remark passed around the circle without dissent, that "they knew BURNSIDE would get up some kind of an expedition as soon as they heard he had command of the army." The "sub-headings" were gone through with, and the man was busy reading the dispatches, when one of the listeners remarked that it sounded most amazingly like something he had read before. "What did you say the date of that paper was?" inquired another, over whose face a broad grin was beginning to creep. "The thirteenth—November thirteenth!" "Yes—but the year?" "The year!—why this year of course—here it is—18—— what! hang me if it aren't 1861; and here

I've been reading all about 'SHERMAN's expedition' to Port Royal just one year ago." "Fall in!" shouted the colonel at this moment; and the column was formed amid shouts of laughter and loud calls for the latest news from "SHERMAN's expedition."

The second day's march brought the division to Wolf Run Shoals, a ford upon Occoquan Creek, not far from where it empties into the Potomac. This place, presenting the greatest natural advantages as a defensive position had been occupied and fortified by the rebels the winter previous. The creek here rushed down through the rocky gorges and clefts of the precipitous hills, which upon either side were covered with dense forests, forming as wild a scene as could well be imagined, and it was well deserving of its name, "Wolf Run." Upon the hill commanding the ford from the south the rebels had erected two rough redoubts, and between these and the creek a line of rifle pits extended through an *abatis* of slashed timber. So precipitous were the hills that in many places their ascent was next to impossible, and at night the men of our brigade, camped below the redoubts, beheld the camp-fires of the remainder of the division, upon the hill, as if they had been huge torches suspended in mid air almost directly overhead.

We remained at Wolf Run Shoals four days, when we continued our march on through Dumfries, which was directly opposite our camp at Budd's Ferry, the preceding winter, and had then been the goal of our desires, and on the twenty-eighth we joined the army at Falmouth.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURG.



FOR a fortnight we lay inactive in our camp about two miles below Falmouth, although daily expecting a movement, as it was not thought BURNSIDE would put his army into winter quarters, even if the delay in the arrival of his pontoons had enabled the enemy to possess the heights of Fredericksburg, which he had contemplated occupying when his rapid movement was made from Warrenton.

From the steep bluffs upon the Falmouth side of the river we could look down upon the city of Fredericksburg, and with a glass could even read the names upon the signs in the business streets. Groups of sight-seers collected daily upon these commanding positions and watched the rebels moving about the town or across the fields which afterwards became so memorable as the scene of SUMNER's furious assault.

Under Gen. BURNSIDE the army was organized into

three Grand Divisions, SUMNER commanding the right, HOOKER the centre, and FRANKLIN the left. Our corps, commanded by Gen. STONEMAN, and consisting of the two divisions of HEINTZELMAN'S old corps, with the addition of a new division under Gen. WHIPPLE, was attached to the Centre Grand Division.

On the eleventh of December, 1862, commenced the battle of Fredericksburg. At early dawn we were up, and with everything packed in readiness for a movement, when the roar of guns in the direction of Fredericksburg greeted our ears, the sounds reverberating along the Falmouth bluffs in a thousand echoes at every discharge. We moved to within about a mile of the river, there to await our turn at crossing as soon as the pontoon bridges should have been laid. The incidents of the day are well known. The engineer corps made repeated attempts to lay the pontoons but were repeatedly driven from their work by the rebel sharpshooters upon the opposite bank. A furious cannonade was opened upon the rebels from a hundred and fifty pieces of artillery, from which the city was set on fire in many places, and the rebel riflemen forced to keep under cover until the fire slackened and the engineers again resumed their work, when they would emerge from their hiding places and drive the pontoniers from their labors. This was repeated again and again, until a forlorn hope of brave men, seized with a sudden inspiration, leaped into the pontoon boats, pushed across the river, and charging up the steep bank drove the rebel riflemen from their position. The bridges were soon completed, and troops enough pushed across to maintain the foothold so much time had been wasted to gain.

The next day was a busy one. Our army pressed

across the river in long columns, SUMNER crossing upon the right near the city, and FRANKLIN some two miles farther down the river, while HOOKER's Grand Division was held in reserve upon the Falmouth side. Our division was for a time massed upon the bluffs directly opposite the town, from which point all the movements of SUMNER's Division could be distinctly observed, while at the same time we were in full view of the rebels upon the opposite heights. Their artillery shelled the pontoons upon which SUMNER was crossing, and occasionally one of their shots would strike near where we lay, but we were at too great a distance for them to shell us with any effect from their field-pieces.

In the afternoon we were marched toward the lower pontoons, which we crossed during the night, after having waded through the oceans of mud to reach them.

On Thursday, the thirteenth, the grand attack was made to carry the heights. The Second was left to guard the bridges, and thus while doing our duty, we had a chance to watch the progress of the fight without sharing its dangers. From the river's bank we could plainly see the forces engaged upon the left, but upon the right we could only see the crest from which the rebel batteries were pouring death into the ranks of SUMNER's brave division, the movements of our troops being hidden from view by the trees upon the plain and by the shattered buildings of Fredericksburg. But from the incessant volleys of musketry, and from the lively way in which the rebel guns were working, we knew that a desperate effort was being made to carry the heights. Rebel signal flags waved at various points along the ridge, and some of our heavy guns, planted upon the Falmouth heights, threw

their shells across the river and over the heads of SUMNER's men into the rebel works. But though the Right Grand Division did everything and dared everything that a devoted heroism could prompt them to do, it was worse than useless, for while thousands of their killed and wounded marked the spot where they had fought so bravely, the rebels, who had suffered comparatively but small loss, retained full possession of the heights.

The fighting also was furious upon the left, and during a charge made by one of our brigades, an entire North Carolina Regiment was taken prisoners. They were brought to the vicinity of the bridges, guarded by a detachment from RUSH's Pennsylvania Lancers. The lieutenant colonel who had commanded the regiment appeared to feel keenly the disaster to his command, and was making strong efforts to discover how the thing was done. It appeared that the rebels were lying flat upon the ground in a dense growth of bushes, when our regiments charged so suddenly upon them that they were taken unawares, and gave up without firing a shot. The lieutenant colonel would have it that some one of his regiment called out "Don't fire; they are our own men," when the Yankees charged down upon them, by which means the volley which should have checked the charge was prevented. To discover who the "traitor" was he made diligent inquiries among his men, but failed to find out the offender.

In no position did we ever witness such a mixture of sad and of ludicrous incidents as at the bridges. No man, except the wounded or those who had passes from the proper authority, was allowed to cross to the Falmouth side, yet that fact did not prevent scores of "lay-

backs" from attempting to pass the guards upon one pretext or another. These men generally claimed to have been wounded, and while their faces indicated that they were suffering the most intense pain, they would show the hole through their clothing where the bullet had entered, and even stains of blood. A close inspection generally discovered these holes to extend no farther than the skin, and the blood to be that of some braver comrade who had been wounded in the fight. Every man who came along was examined by the guard—the wounded passed on, and the sneaks were sent back to the front.

At about sunset a furious artillery duel was fought upon the left, lasting but a short time, but resulting in the death of Gen. BAYARD, who, as the youngest general in the service, had already achieved an enviable name in connection with its cavalry arm. This affair is of interest to New Hampshire readers, as it was here the "Manchester Battery" was hotly engaged, and lost several men.

About midnight we were relieved of our duty at the bridges by the Second New York Regiment, and marched to the front to participate in the expected battle of the morrow. We joined the brigade in a cornfield at the extreme front, which had been trampled by horses and men and cut up by wheels until the mud stood ankle-deep. We formed to the rear of the Twenty-Sixth Pennsylvania, and those who were fastidious about making their beds in the soft mud of the field, entered into conversation with the Pennsylvania boys, who were under arms ready to awake their slumbering comrades upon warning from the pickets. Our pickets were about two hundred yards to the front, and the rebels were within easy rifle shot. In fact, although the brigade had not been engaged

the day previous, the rebel sharpshooters had picked off some twenty-five men from the Twenty-Sixth as they lay in the line of battle. The enemy's camp fires, gleaming upon the hills to our front, seemed so near that we might almost have thrown a stone into them from the hand, and the bullets fired by their pickets whistled over our heads and struck in the fields far to our rear.

As the light of morn gradually approached the firing of the pickets became brisker; and to inaugurate the day, as the sun arose the rebels ran out a battery a few hundred yards to our front and commenced to shell the brigade. Several men had been wounded, when Gen. CARR ordered Col. MARSTON to send out twenty or thirty riflemen to silence the battery, and Company B was ordered to advance and pick off the gunners. Deploying as skirmishers, they advanced, and soon their Sharp's rifles were cracking briskly along their picket line. The rebel artillerymen could not stand the fire of the New Hampshire riflemen, and their battery was whisked out of range as fast as the horses could haul the guns.

The skirmish thus inaugurated was kept up until nearly night, the regiment having one company out at a time, relieving as fast as ammunition was exhausted. The position in front of the Second offered many good places for skirmishers to conceal themselves. There was the solitary, fire-blackened chimney, without which no Virginia scene would have been complete, the massive gateposts on either side of the road, the pile of lumber in the fields upon the right, and the ditches running at right angles with the rebel lines, from which a dozen men, lying one behind another and firing over each other's heads, kept a stream of bullets pouring down the road, that being the

only way in which the rebels could be prevented from getting a raking fire down the ditch.

About a dozen of the regiment were wounded during the day, among whom was Sergeant CHARLES VICKERY. His position as "left general guide" would have excused him from the fight when the entire regiment was not engaged, but when his company (I) began to deploy, he would not think of being left behind, and taking his position in the line, advanced with it. Taking shelter behind the pile of lumber before spoken of, he was carefully reconnoitering the position, when a rebel rifleman sighted him and sent a bullet straight towards his heart. But the brass eagle-plate upon his cross-belt interposed, and the bullet, warded from the vital part, glanced and buried itself in his neck, inflicting a severe but not fatal wound.

Near four o'clock in the afternoon a rebel officer came out with a flag of truce, and the firing ceased immediately. A truce had been established by FRANKLIN upon our left some time before, for the purpose of removing the wounded and burying the dead who lay between the lines, and though his skirmishers had shouted until they were hoarse for us to cease firing, the boys had kept industriously popping away, as did the rebels in our front. Yet, but a few minutes after the white flag appeared, the men who had been so busily engaged during the day in shooting at each other, laid down their arms and mingled together as cordially as though they had always been the best of friends. The rebels exchanged tobacco for coffee, and their papers for such as we happened to have. One of our boys had a copy of *Harper's Weekly*, with illustrations of the war, which excited much interest among

the rebels, who crowded around to see the pictures. A broad caricature upon the Confederacy was greeted with shouts of laughter, the rebels appearing to enjoy it as much as we did ourselves.

Notes were compared as to the result of the firing during the day, and they acknowledged a considerable loss. The captain of the battery which had greeted us in the morning, when informed that it was a New Hampshire company which drove him from his position, told us that one of his men killed at that time was from New Hampshire. Thus a renegade son of the old Granite State, received from her loyal sons the punishment due for his treachery.

There was considerable bantering and jesting between the men. "What makes your folks leave us so many good clothes and fine blankets?" enquired an unshorn confederate, who looked as if good clothes had not troubled him for some time. "We obey the injunction to clothe the naked and feed the hungry. But, I say, Johnny, what made you keep your stretchers so busy over there to-day?" "Why, the fact is, your fellows were such good shots that they treed some of our men out skirmishing, so that they couldn't get away without being shot; so they stayed out till they starved to death!"

Before parting, a mutual agreement was entered upon, that no more picket firing should take place unless an advance was made, and we accepted the polite invitation of the rebels to "call the next day."

Sunday and Monday, fourteenth and fifteenth, we lay upon the plains inviting an attack, and Monday night the army was withdrawn across the river to its old position, in perfect order and leaving no material for the enemy.

The night was favorable for such a movement, rainy and dark, with a high wind blowing, which drowned the noise of rumbling wheels and tramping columns, and the first intimation the rebels received of our departure, was when the morning light revealed to them the unoccupied plains, and the long lines of blue-clad soldiers disappearing over the heights upon the other side of the river. But the movement did not surprise the rebels more than it did some of our own pickets, who in the morning found themselves entirely without reserves, and many of whom arrived at the river's bank just in season to cross upon the pontoons before they were taken up.

CHAPTER XIV.

FALMOUTH AND NEW HAMPSHIRE.



THE new year, 1863, opened upon the army at Falmouth, passing its time in reviews and drills, and preparing against the rains and snows of winter, until the twentieth of January, when the movement familiarly known as "BURNSIDE'S mud scrape" was commenced. Gen. BURNSIDE had, the day before, issued an address to the army, informing them that they were about to be led against the enemy, and calling upon them to fight with all their old spirit and enthusiasm.

On the twentieth the division left camp and marched about two miles in the direction of Falmouth, where, after shivering for hours in a cold rain, the men, at nine o'clock in the evening, were marched back to camp. On the morning of the twenty-first the division was again on the move, and marched about six miles in the direction of the fords at which Gen. BURNSIDE designed to cross the

army, encamping in dense pine woods. The day was rainy, and the roads soon became broad beds of mud, through which the men made their way with the utmost difficulty, and the mules and horses attached to the artillery and wagons floundered and struggled in vain endeavors to drag their loads where they could not easily have made their way unencumbered. Light field-pieces, with a dozen horses attached to them, were stuck fast in the mud, and the wagons composing the unwieldy pontoon train were scattered at various points along the route. The rebels soon found out the state of affairs in our army, and strongly guarded the fords. An attempt to advance was now worse than useless, and, in fact, to return to the camp we had left and take with us our heavy trains was no easy matter. On the twenty-second, details from the division were busy corduroying the roads, and on the twenty-third the troops returned to their old camp, the sun, which had for several days hid itself from sight, dispersing the clouds and shining warm and clear as soon as the retrograde movement was begun.

Shortly after this Gen. BURNSIDE was relieved of the command of the army, and the men of the division with pride saw their old general assigned to the position. Reforms were immediately inaugurated, extending into the minutest details of camp life, which served to inspire the army with the knowledge that their new leader was master of the situation. The organization of the army into three grand divisions was abolished, and the army corps, of three divisions each, designated by numbers. A system of corps badges was established—the lozenge for the First, the trefoil for the Second, and so on—the glorious old diamond, the brilliant of them all, being the emblem

which the Third Corps, commanded by SICKLES, made as proud a decoration as was the cross of honor to the French soldiers of Napoleon.

The time passed with alternate seasons of snow and rain and mud, of drills, inspections and picket tours, until Thursday, the twenty-sixth of February, when one of the most important movements in the history of the Second began, the return to New Hampshire of the entire regiment upon furlough. The intense joy with which we greeted the order for the regiment to "report to Maj. Gen. JOHN E. WOOL, commanding Department of the East," can never be realized by outsiders; and though the roads were muddy and the knapsacks heavy, there was no straggling from the ranks when the regiment marched to "Stoneman's Switch," there to take the cars for Belle Plains.

On the morning of the twenty-seventh we moved to the "Soldiers' Rest" from the boat which had conveyed us from Aquia Creek, and on the following day started for Philadelphia, where we arrived Sunday morning, and were furnished with dinner at the "Soldier's Refreshment Saloon." Monday we arrived in New York, and on Tuesday morning again set foot upon the soil of our native New England, and inhaled her free and bracing air. Our friends at Boston greeted us on our return as warmly as twenty months before they had bidden us "Godspeed" upon our mission, and at Faneuil Hall spread a collation which furnished a strange contrast to our accustomed army fare.

But it was in our own State, at our own homes, we received our warmest welcome. At nine o'clock, Tuesday evening, the train bearing the regiment thundered into

the depot at Manchester, and the men, thronging from the cars, met such a reception as they could have received from none but their "own people." Salvos of artillery pealed out on the night air, and escorted by a grand procession the regiment proceeded to Smyth's Hall, where tables were spread with a profuseness which might have supplied the wants of two half-starved regiments instead of one which had been feasted in Boston but a few hours before. The galleries were filled with the lady friends and relatives of the soldiers, most of whom had shown their pluck by maintaining their position *manfully* hour after hour, even before the regiment had arrived in Boston. Mayor ABBOT welcomed the regiment in a neat speech, which was responded to by Lieut. Col. BAILEY, when the men accepted the invitation to attack the eatables which the ladies had bountifully spread upon the long tables. The wants of the inner man being supplied, Hon. FREDERICK SMYTH was introduced as toast-master, and short speeches by men of the regiment and by citizens, with responses to patriotic sentiments, filled up the time until a late hour, when the men scattered to seek the more welcome reception awaiting them upon the thresholds of their own homes.

The next day was a gala day at Concord, and the reception was upon a magnificent scale, consisting of a grand procession, dinner at the hotels, and speeches of welcome. Gen. WOOL was there to add *eclat* to the occasion, and everything passed off to the unbounded satisfaction of all concerned.

The headquarters of the regiment were established at Concord; and while seven companies were stationed at that place, three companies (D, E and K,) were sent to

Portsmouth and quartered at Fort Constitution. Furloughs for a few days were granted, which were usually extended for as many weeks by the men, who preferred the comforts and pleasures of home to the rough accommodations which the barracks afforded. But though many members of the regiment visited Canada, the refuge of sneaks and runaways, the first call for the regiment to assemble, preparatory to returning to the seat of war, brought these men from the shelter of the "neutral" soil once more to take their places beneath the old flag, and to share its dangers and its glories.

Before leaving the State the Seventeenth Regiment, numbering about one hundred and fifty men, was consolidated with our regiment, after the officers of the former—commissioned and non-commissioned—had been discharged. The men at first were very unwilling to consent to any such arrangement, and stuck up placards which read, "The Seventeenth or nothing," which the veterans of the Second read and commented on by remarking that "there was not much choice between the two," which was supposed to be sufficiently sarcastic upon the men who were unwilling to become members of such a regiment as the Second. But when we returned we took them with us, and during the nine months they served with us no more faithful men were found in the ranks; and at Gettysburg they distinguished themselves by their good behavior and lost a large proportion of their number.

CHAPTER XV.

THE MARCH TO GETTYSBURG.



REMAINING at home until the twenty-fifth of May, we set out to return to Washington, where we arrived on the twenty-eighth, and went into camp on East Capitol Hill. Here we remained until the eleventh of June, when we took steamer for Aquia Creek, once more to join the Army of the Potomac. The strategic movements which finally culminated in the battle of Gettysburg had already commenced, and when at about dark we arrived at Stoneman's Switch the deserted camps in the vicinity proclaimed that the army had gone. The next day, however, we were once more with our old comrades, joining the Excelsior Brigade at Hartwood Church, nine miles above Falmouth. On the thirteenth we joined the Jersey Brigade, to which we were attached as long as we remained with the Army of the Potomac. We made on that day a march of nearly thirty miles, to Rappahan-

nock Station, where we remained during the following day, in the evening of which we commenced one of the most trying marches we ever made. Although under arms at sunset we were not on our way until nearly ten o'clock, when, striking the railroad, we followed that in the direction of Warrenton Junction.

The division was marching rapidly along the track, with its unceasing tramp, tramp, tramp of thousands of feet, and the monotonous clatter of tin dippers against bayonets and canteens, when the horses attached to a caisson of one of the batteries became frightened and unmanageable, and dashed through the column near the head of the Second Regiment, making a furious clatter and severely injuring one or two men who could not get out of the way with sufficient agility. The men in the immediate vicinity scattered in every direction to escape injury from the frightened brutes. Those farther beyond, who could hear but not see the cause of the commotion, naturally supposed that some infernal rebel trap had been sprung, and when they saw the men in that direction scattering for the bushes they followed suit. The stampede spread from company to company, and from regiment to regiment, through the whole division, the men seeking shelter from the unseen danger in wild flight. Officers shouted "Halt! Halt!" at the top of their voices, at the same time running away as fast as any of their men. In such a pellmell rush there were naturally many collisions—the men could not get out of each other's way fast enough—and the ditches upon either side of the road were filled with prostrate forms, writhing and kicking, scratching and clawing like a nest of Kilkenny cats. Those who got beyond the ditches generally brought

up over a stump or log, which sent them sprawling in one direction while guns and other loose articles flew in another. Never, in its fiercest fights, had the division seen as many men fall in so short a time as on this occasion. But the panic was soon over, and the men came swarming back upon the railroad. Then came loud calls for missing articles. "Where's my gun?" "Who's seen anything of a stray hat?" "My haversack and three days rations missing—liberal reward!" and so on. Many of the men were obliged to resume the march minus these articles; and if some relic seeker should light upon the spot where the stampede occurred he would doubtless consult his note-book to discover what great battle was fought between Warrenton and Rappahannock Station, and might collect relics enough to furnish any museum of moderate pretensions. The uninitiated may laugh at this affair, and call it a "cowardly skedaddle," but they must bear in mind that the men engaged in it were the same who had borne the brunt at Williamsburg, who at Chancellorsville had stemmed the tide of disaster which threatened to engulf all, forming with their bayonets a bulwark against which the exultant legions of JACKSON hurled themselves in vain, and who afterwards at Gettysburg fought with a desperation which was never excelled during the war.

At Warrenton Junction, where the division arrived the next morning, we rested for a few hours, when the march was again resumed toward Manassas, down the railroad and over the same route we had before traveled on the day of the battle of Bristow Station. As on that day many men were sunstruck, but the column was pushed wearily on, mile after mile, hour after hour, until at mid-

night the halt was sounded within the line of works which encircled Manassas Junction.

The army was working its way northward, HOOKER manœuvering so as to constantly interpose a barrier between LEE and Washington. For several days the division was encamped at "Gum Springs," a little village of half a dozen houses, where Gen. BRADDOCK had also encamped during his ill-fated campaign; and on the twenty-fifth we broke up our camp there, crossed the Potomac at Edwards Ferry upon a long pontoon bridge, and were led upon the "tow-path march," of which we will tell the story and leave the reader to judge of the wisdom and humanity of it. Gen. HUMPHREYS, temporarily commanding the division, can have the full credit of the affair, for no general ever has or probably ever will be found willing to contest for the honors resulting from that night's work.

After crossing the river at Edwards Ferry the point to be reached was the mouth of the Monocacy, not far from twenty miles above. The "Ohio and Chesapeake Canal" followed the windings of the river for that distance, upon one side of which was a highway broad and direct, affording excellent passage for troops, upon the other the "tow-path," a narrow bank between the river and canal. Upon the latter road the division was led, and the general congratulated himself that he had got his machines upon a track where there was no opportunity for straggling. His stout horse led off at a slashing gait, and the column followed after. Night came on dark and rainy, and the men splashed along the narrow pathway which soon became coated with mud and slime. Occasionally a "souse" would be heard as some unfortunate soldier lost his pre-

carious foothold and slipped into the canal. The men began to grumble and wonder why they were led upon such a road when one so much more passable ran parallel with their course and not a dozen rods distant. No halt, no rest, and yet they kept manfully on after the horse which led the column, hoping soon to come to a bridge across the canal by which a camping ground might be gained. A light appeared ahead, beaming from the windows of a canal-boat bound for Georgetown, and as it approached, the men, hailing the driver of the tow-horse, inquired how far it was to a bridge. "A trifle rising of twelve miles," was the reply, which put a damper upon the men's hopes of rest anywhere but on the tow-path that night. Horse-flesh won. One by one, and then squad by squad the exhausted men sank upon the ground and refused to go farther, until the little plots of land which occasionally intervened upon the river side were covered with the stragglers. Commanders of regiments were left without the colors and almost without men, and finally some of them followed the example of the men, until when the general had arrived at his goal he had hardly men enough left to form a respectable headquarters guard. In the morning a stream of men poured from the tow-path across Monocacy Aqueduct, and when a good portion of the division had been collected together the march was resumed, the bivouac that night being not far from Point of Rocks.

On Sunday, the twenty-eighth, while passing through Frederick we heard with sorrow that Gen. HOOKER had been relieved of the command of the army, and that Gen. MEADE had been assigned to the position. But the men were not of that stamp to let their prejudices and feelings

work upon their efficiency, and they ever yielded to Gen. MEADE a hearty support. The regiment passed and loudly cheered its old commander, MARSTON, upon whose shoulders shone the stars of a general.

On the first day of July, the brigade arrived at Emmettsburg, a large village near the Pennsylvania line, the business portion of which had been consumed a few days before by an incendiary fire. It was on this day that the battle of Gettysburg was begun, when the First Corps and a portion of the Eleventh encountered the rebels in and about the city of Gettysburg in the severe fight which cost Gen. REYNOLDS his life. Squads of our men went out into the country, many of them "over the border" into Pennsylvania, buying bread, eggs, ham, and anything which the Dutch farmers of the region could be induced to spare from their larders, while those who remained in camp pitched the shelter tents, dug ditches around them, and collected beds of pine boughs upon which to rest their weary limbs. The foragers scoured the country so thoroughly that soon not a loaf of bread could be bought within five miles of camp for either love or money; but the men displayed their greenbacks so liberally as to arouse the avarice of the Dutch farmers to an uncontrollable degree, and while their stout wives went vigorously to work mixing dough, they brought forth the "Dutch ovens," or built big fires in the brick ones, promising the men that they should have bread in any quantity in the morning. Many of the men paid in advance, so as to make sure of their share, but the brigade was far away before the next morning, leaving the disconsolate Dutch farmers with bread enough upon their hands to last their families for many weeks.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.



AT two o'clock, on the morning of the second day of July, 1863, we were routed from the quarters we had so carefully prepared, and the brigade set off through the darkness in the direction of Gettysburg. Tramp, tramp, and splash, splash, we kept our way, halting a few minutes at sunrise to rest and cook coffee, and early in the forenoon we arrived upon the field which will ever be so memorable.

Our sharpshooters, scattered along in the fields to the left of the road upon which we marched, told us that the entire rebel army lay in and beyond the woods, within rifle shot. Screened from our observation LEE was moving his troops into position for the approaching fight, rapidly extending his lines towards his right, opposite our left; and, in fact, half an hour after we had passed up the Emmettsburg pike, a rebel line of battle was formed

across it, which would have given us a warm and unexpected reception had we been a little later.

The brigade joined the corps, and participated in the movements preliminary to the grand final struggle. Although at first marched to a point almost in front of the town of Gettysburg, we gradually worked our way back in the direction from which we had come, until the brigade lay massed in a little grove at the foot of the ridge upon which the Third Corps was soon to make the last and most desperate of all its fights as a corps, for but a few weeks afterwards it was incorporated into the Second Corps as a division, and the number of the glorious old "THIRD" disappeared from the rolls of the army, although the men still proudly wore upon their hats the diamond which had been to them so proud an emblem. The reports of the skirmishers' rifles were now occasionally heard, and to "draw out" the enemy, the brigade, still closed in mass, was advanced up the slope into the open field. A rebel battery almost immediately opened with shell, and for a few moments the pieces whistled about in a lively manner, one of which struck the staff which supported the colors of the Second and broke it in twain, at the same time wounding several men of the color guard.

The object of the movement accomplished, the brigade was withdrawn to the grove, while a battery of brass pieces, going into position in gallant style, rapidly replied to the rebel guns. Col. BERLIN, commanding the brigade, in a few words informed the men that they were to double-quick by the flank to the rear of the battery and take their respective positions in the line of battle. Upon the crest of the ridge was an orchard of small peach trees, in which was stationed one of our batteries, six broad-

mouthed brass pieces, bellowing and thundering in response to the rebel guns, which were pouring in a murderous fire of shell and spherical case. The Second Regiment was ordered to report to Gen. GRAHAM, and by him was placed in support of this battery. Company B, whose position in the line was upon the left, was transferred to the right that its Sharp's rifles might be made most available in case of an infantry attack from that direction. Never, in all its history, was the regiment exposed to such a terrific artillery fire as it received while lying upon the ground to the rear of this battery. The air was fairly alive with bursting shell and whistling canister; the leaves fell in showers from the peach trees, and the dirt was thrown up in little jets where the missiles were continually striking. But the gunners worked their guns bravely and without flinching, and when the rolls of our companies were called while men were being struck from the ranks every moment, only eight men of the whole regiment were missing from their places. A stream of wounded was constantly pouring to the rear, some shells skimming along the ground and wounding as many as half a dozen men in their course. One shell struck square upon the cartridge-box of Corporal THOMAS BIGNALL, of Company C, driving the cartridges into his body, where they exploded one after the other, with a popping like that of a bunch of fire-crackers. The next moment three men were wounded in Company I, and another cartridge-box exploded, that of Sergeant JAMES M. HOUSE, and thus it continued for nearly two hours, until many a vacant place was made in the ranks of the regiment. During this time the conflict was also going on upon the right, on Cemetery Hill, and to the left, where nearly a

mile distant we could see one of our batteries belching forth its contents from the rocky summit of "Little Round Top" into the woods below, through which the rebels were struggling in their efforts to turn our left.

At half-past four in the afternoon the volunteer battery we had supported, after having done its duty manfully, was relieved by a regular battery of rifled guns. The regulars did not serve their guns with the same spirit which had characterized the volunteers, and the difference was soon painfully apparent from the increased fire of the rebel guns. Their infantry also began to show themselves in large bodies, advancing from the woods behind which it had been screened, to capture our batteries. Our skirmishers came pouring in, and so near did the rebels approach that a lieutenant of the battery to our front spiked his guns, expecting they would soon be captured. Col. BAILEY, commanding the regiment, pointed out the state of affairs to Gen. GRAHAM, and requested permission for the regiment to charge and check the advance. It was given, and springing to their feet the men rushed forward, shouting and cheering, passing by the guns of the battery and down through the peach orchard. A line of the enemy was encountered which would not stand the determined charge, but fled pellmell and took refuge in a ravine which traversed the plain to our front. The regiment was halted near the Emmetsburg road, and there it made as determined a fight as was ever made upon any field. The enemy's artillery was served vigorously and at short range; the line we had driven maintained a hot fire from the ravine where they were sheltered; two regiments were moving across the fields by the flank about three hundred yards to the front; and from the woods a whole brigade

of rebels was advancing upon the Sixty - Third Pennsylvania, formed upon the right of the Second. The two regiments marching by the flank were soon disposed of, being forced to flee in confusion, but the brigade advancing upon the right steadily maintained its course. The Second, unmindful of the scattering shots upon its own front, turned its attention to this threatening advance, and poured in a brisk fire to the right oblique. But this had no effect to stay the march of the dense mass of rebels, which approached nearer and nearer, its front blazing with flame and wreathed in smoke, while the rebel artillery poured in canister with redoubled vigor. By the right of the regiment was an old farm house, behind which a number of Company B's men stationed themselves, many being wounded, and, as sharpshooters, devoted their especial attention to the colors of the advancing brigade. Color-bearer after color-bearer was shot down by the unerring riflemen, who kept popping away until forced to abandon their position by the proximity of the rebels.

The regiment upon our right could not withstand the shock, but gave way, and at the same time the regiment upon the left about-faced and marched to the rear in good order. For the Second Regiment longer to maintain its position would have been madness, and the orders were given to fall back, which was done rapidly but without panic or undue haste, the men constantly facing about and discharging their pieces into the ranks of the yelling enemy.

The wounded men who had been sharpshooting behind the old house, when the rebels were close upon them scrambled down a rollway into the cellar, and called to a man from another regiment who sat beside it to come in

and shut down the cover. Had he done so they would probably have escaped undiscovered, as the ground was occupied not long after by Union troops; but the stupid fool sat as if paralyzed until the rebels came pouring by the house, when he discovered the hiding place to them by exclaiming, "Here we are; we are all in here." Then, of course, there was no escape, and the men were obliged to crawl forth, and take up their long and weary march to Richmond as prisoners of war.

The ground was covered with the wounded and dead, for so near were the rebels upon us that the worst shot in the army could not well have missed his mark. Gen. GRAHAM was wounded and taken prisoner, and Gen. SICKLES, who dashed up to the position amid the terrific fire, had his leg shattered by a piece of shell. Arriving at the top of the ridge, the regiment was halted and about-faced, and the line hastily reformed. But its number had been so terribly reduced that it could not stem the torrent, and it was again forced to fall back beyond the point where it had laid when supporting the battery.

At this portion of the line the rebels had gained a temporary advantage, and the Third Corps, for the first time in its history, had been worsted—not by any lack of skill in its generals or of valor in the men, but by the mere weight of the numbers which were hurled upon it. Some ungenerous partisans of other corps (newspaper men, for none were more willing to do honor to the bravery of others than the soldiers,) took the occasion to cast a sneer at the corps, but we will only remind such that upon the Third Corps fell the brunt of LEE's attack; and when the grumblers will point out an instance where a single corps during the whole war lost over half its men in a single

fight, as did the Third, on this occasion, to them we will cheerfully award the honors due.

The break thus made in the lines was quickly mended, for portions of the Sixth Corps, and other troops who had been repulsing the rebel attacks upon the right of the army, were hastily crossed from that portion of the lines and thrown into the breach, and most of the lost ground was speedily recovered. The sun went down that night upon a discomfitted rebel army, beaten at every portion of the lines, and the tide of invasion was thus turned back from the North almost before it had gained a foothold.

The Second Regiment when it rejoined its brigade that night was but a sad remnant of what it had been in the morning when it went so proudly forth to battle. When the rolls were called under the fire of the enemy's artillery, twenty-four officers and three hundred and thirty men had responded to their names. Of these nineteen had been shot dead upon the field, one hundred and thirty-six had been wounded, and thirty-eight were missing—nearly all reported in the latter class being wounded and prisoners or killed. The loss was particularly severe in officers. Every one of the field officers was wounded, Col. BAILEY and Lieut. Col. CARR slightly; and Maj. SAYLES, with a bullet through his thigh, was left upon the field in the hands of the enemy, but being disabled by his wound he was not carried off as a prisoner. Capt. HENRY N. METCALF, of Company F, Lieut. GEORGE W. ROBERTS, of Company C, Lieut. WILLIAM W. BALLARD, of Company B, and Lieut. EDMUND DASCUMB, of Company G, were shot dead. Capt. JOSEPH A. HUBBARD, of Company B, was shot in the forehead; he wandered

into the rebel lines, where he lived for some two hours, and being identified as a Mason he was buried by rebel members of the fraternity and his grave so marked that it was recognized by our men after the retreat. The day after the fight members of his company who were prisoners were told by their guards of a handsome Yankee captain who had strayed into their lines and there died. In the description given the men recognized their captain, and upon one of them showing the guard a photograph of Capt. HUBBARD, he recognized it immediately as that of the dead Yankee captain. Lieut. CHARLES VICKERY, of Company I, was mortally wounded, and remained in the hands of the rebels until they retreated, when he was taken to our hospital, where he died on the eighth. Lieut. CHARLES N. PATCH, of Company K, was wounded in the abdomen and died on the tenth. Lieut. ALBERT M. PERKINS, of Company D, and Lieut. LEVI N. CONVERSE, of Company A, lost each an arm, and in addition to those mentioned eight other officers were wounded. This was the heaviest loss the regiment ever sustained upon any one field. A total of one hundred and ninety-three out of three hundred and fifty-four.

On Saturday, the third, there was some fighting, mostly by artillery, although upon the right the infantry was occasionally hotly engaged. In the afternoon our brigade supported a battery, but the regiment lost no men.

On the morning of the fifth the brigade was sent out upon picket, but the rebel army had retreated, and we returned to our bivouac. Many of our wounded had remained in the hands of the rebels for three days, receiving but little if any care, and our dead were as yet unburied. A detail was made from the brigade to go out to the Peach

Orchard, bury the dead and bring in such wounded as could be found. The detachment, under command of Lieut. Col. CARR, of the Second, had started out upon its errand of mercy, when a peremptory order arrived from the general commanding the division, ordering it to return immediately to the brigade. This the men were exceedingly averse to doing, and while the body of the detachment was obliged to return, many of them bade defiance to the orders of the division general, and went with stretchers upon the field to give succor to their mangled, suffering comrades. Many of these unfortunates were thus rescued, but our dead were interred by burial parties from other regiments, and many a body which might have been recognized now sleeps in an unknown grave.

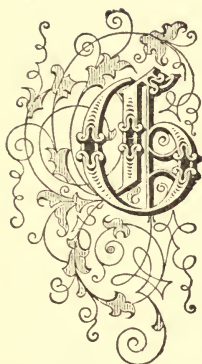
The New Hampshire wounded in the hospitals will never forget the promptness with which substantial aid and comfort reached them from their native State. Prompt with the news of the battle, a body of devoted men left the State upon their errand of mercy, and to their untiring efforts in the hospitals many a soldier is indebted for his life, while the pathway of others to the grave was smoothed by the thought that they were surrounded by friends who would sincerely mourn their loss and carry their last words to the loved ones among the mountains of the Old Granite State.

In this connection we must not omit to mention one without whose name no history of the Second Regiment would be complete—Miss HARRIET DAME, of Concord. Following the fortunes of the regiment, her services in the hospitals had been of the most important character. Unceasing and untiring in her attentions to the sick and

wounded, many a soldier's heart will warm at the very mention of her name, as he calls to mind her womanly ministrations over the cot where he lay racked with pain. In the hospitals at Gettysburg, as ever before, she was indeed a ministering angel, and we are ready to say, with hundreds of others, who received the benefits of her goodness, "God bless her!"

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PURSUIT OF LEE.



EN. LEE, with his shattered hordes, rapidly retreated toward the Potomac, followed by our army, which was in the highest spirits, and confident that he could never reach Virginia soil. Reinforcements of new troops were constantly arriving for our army, until it actually numbered more than before the battle. One entire division was added to our corps, composed of new regiments, and forming the largest division in the corps. Our cavalry was constantly pouncing down upon the wagon trains of the rebels, and a portion of LEE's pontoon train, invaluable to him in crossing the Potomac, was captured and destroyed.

Over the hills and through the beautiful valleys of Maryland the army pressed in the pursuit. Our division passed through Emmettsburg and Frederick City, over many portions of the Antietam battle field, and on the

twelfth, with the entire Army of the Potomac, confronted LEE at Williamsport, who had been brought to bay at the crossing of the Potomac. On this day Gen. MEADE issued an order which was read at the head of every regiment, to the effect that he was about to attack the enemy, and with every prospect of a glorious success. The men were in high spirits and greeted the order with shouts of joy. They were ready, they said, to go in and wind up the rebellion by putting an end to the existence of LEE's army, its head and front. But the twelfth passed without an advance by our army, as did also the thirteenth. Entrenchments were built along the front, and heavy guns brought up and placed in position. In vain, however, were these preparations, for LEE was improving the golden moments of delay, and by Tuesday morning, the fourteenth, most of his army was safely across the Potomac. Then the army advanced over the rough breastworks which the rebels had erected, while KILPATRICK charged with his cavalry upon the enemy's rear-guard, and captured several hundred prisoners. But the rebel army, which should have been totally destroyed here, had escaped, and nothing remained but for us to follow after it in its unobstructed course toward Richmond. On the seventeenth the division crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, beneath the shadow of the overhanging crags which towered for hundreds of feet above the narrow road between their base and the river.

From here we followed the eastern slope of the Blue Ridge, through one of the most beautiful countries the eye of man ever rested upon. "Pleasant Valley," its name surely was no misnomer, as we can testify, who, marching along our elevated roads could view the beauties

of the landscape for miles away with its stretches of woodland and green fields, its little streams winding about like ribbons of silver, and its lines of road, dotted here and there with the white canvas coverings of our wagons, as they crawled lazily along.

We camped for two days near Ashby's Gap, upon the broad fields of Upperville, which had been the scene of many a deadly cavalry struggle, as was evidenced by the remains of horses which were scattered over the green plains in every direction, and the numerous graves where the fiery Southern "Cavalier" and the sturdy Northern "Roundhead" slumbered peacefully side by side upon the same spot where they had closed with each other in deadly conflict.

On Thursday, the twenty-third, the corps entered Manassas Gap, where the cavalry under Gen. BUFORD had for three days been skirmishing with the enemy. This pass, several miles in length, offered many strong defensive positions, and upon the steep hills commanding the western entrance the rebels had posted themselves in considerable force, to cover the passage of their wagon trains down the Shenandoah. The cavalry division passed to the rear, and a line of infantry skirmishers was thrown out, which advanced up the steep sides of Wapping Heights, rapidly replying to the fire of the rebel skirmishers upon the summit. The rebels were quickly driven from the eminence, and the whole division advanced, the Excelsior Brigade commanded by Gen. SPINOLA, leading in line of battle, closely followed by the two other brigades, closed in mass by division. The height from which the rebels had been driven was soon reached, and here the line halted while Gen. MEADE rode up and from the command-

ing position, where the whole country could be seen for miles, surveyed the field. An advance of the whole line was again ordered, and the division swept down the rocky steep, crashing through the thick brush and leveling the rail fences which obstructed the march. A ravine was reached, not more than one hundred yards wide, with very steep sides covered with huge boulders and twining, creeping vines. Upon the opposite side a body of rebel infantry was posted, but the Excelsior boys, with one of their peculiar yells, plunged down the steep bank, led by Gen. SPINOLA and the dare-devil Col. FARNHAM, upon horseback, and followed by the blue mass of the two supporting brigades. The colors were shot down, and SPINOLA and FARNHAM severely wounded; the men tripped upon the creeping vines and sprawled headlong among the rough and jagged rocks, but the charge was irresistible, and the rebel line fled in the direction of Front Royal. Night was now approaching, and the halt was sounded. While the Excelsior boys with the instinct of old soldiers hastily erected a breastwork but a few inches high, the rest of the division remained within the shelter of the ravine. A rebel battery opened at a distance of five hundred yards, and the pieces of shell and shrapnell hummed about in a lively manner, but owing to the conformation of the ground our batteries could not well be brought into action. A line of rebel skirmishers also appeared upon our front, within rifle shot, but at dark they were withdrawn.

The next morning, the rebels having withdrawn from our front, an early advance was made down the road in the direction of Front Royal. A body of cavalry led the way, followed by the Second Regiment deployed as skirmish-

ers. The road was strewn with bunches of cartridges and fragments of letters and papers which had been torn up by the rebels, and the long line, extending far out upon either side of the road, continually encountered rebel stragglers, who had fallen from the ranks for the purpose of being taken. When within a mile of Front Royal a smart skirmishing fire was heard in advance, and a cavalryman who came riding back told us that there were any quantity of rebels in and about the town, with whom the cavalry were having a hot time. A little round-topped hill intervened between us and the town, behind which we could hear the brisk popping of carbines as we advanced. We halted near this hill, in a position where the left of the line could observe all the movements of the cavalry and of the enemy. We were opened upon by a rebel battery, but when one of our batteries went into position to reply the rebel guns became silent. Two of our cavalry skirmishers rode up the steep hill to the left of the town across a field where the grain had been cut and placed in shocks, behind which several rebels were concealed, who suddenly commenced popping away at the invaders. An about-face was executed by the cavalrymen with amazing celerity, and we venture the assertion that never was more furious riding exhibited than on this occasion, the horses leaping the highest fences and broadest ditches until the foot of the hill was reached.

Gen. WARREN came riding down the road, attended by a single orderly, and halted at our skirmish line, "I wish to speak to some officer," he exclaimed, and Capt. GORDON stepped forward. "A squad of cavalry will be here soon—my escort—and you will direct them down the road I take. They will inquire for Gen. WARREN."

These were the directions of the little brigadier, and then he rode down towards the spot where the skirmishing was going on. Soon after we also advanced, but the rebels retreated, and the pursuit was not followed beyond the town, the troops returning to the Gap that afternoon.

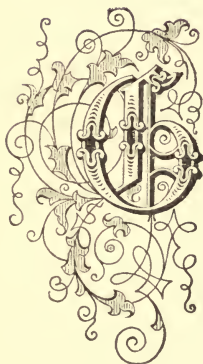
The next day the corps made a march of about fifteen miles, passing through the pleasant village of Salem, and early on the morning of the twenty-sixth we arrived at Warrenton, where a most agreeable surprise awaited us. Gen. MARSTON was there with all necessary authority for detaching the Second, Twelfth and Fifth New Hampshire regiments from the army, with which to form a brigade for duty at Point Lookout, at the mouth of the Potomac, where the government was about to establish a great general depot for prisoners of war. It was with light hearts that we took the cars for Alexandria, and were whirled through Warrenton Junction and Manassas,—scenes so familiar,—and away from the Army of the Potomac.

We did not arrive in Alexandria until late at night, and the men improved every little halt or delay of the train to cook their coffee—the article of a soldier's diet. No sooner would the train stop than the men, leaping from the cars, would kindle little fires with a dispatch which none but soldiers could equal, over which they held their cups until the train started, when there would be a scramble for the cars, and at the next halt the same movements would be repeated, and so on until the coffee was made. Talk of perseverance while laboring under difficulties! If ever there was such a thing, it was well illustrated by the soldiers that day, some of whom kindled half a dozen different fires at as many points along the road before their coffee was made palatable.

That night we marched from the cars, in Alexandria, about two miles towards Long Bridge, and went into bivouac with the consciousness that we might sleep with both eyes shut, for there were no rebels near to turn us out by demonstrations along the picket line.

CHAPTER XVIII.

POINT LOOKOUT.



GUARDING a squad of some three hundred rebel prisoners, the Second and Twelfth Regiments remained in Washington two days, quartered at the "Soldiers' Rest." Some of these were natives of Washington, and received visits from their relatives and friends, who brought them clothing and other articles which they had left behind when going into the rebel army, but were likely to stand in need of during their stay with us as prisoners of war. "It is mighty hard to be held a prisoner here in my own city," exclaimed one of these in conversation with a guard. "If you had remained at home in your own city you would never have been a prisoner," was the response, which the rebel could not well gainsay. Among the number was an Irishman who was well acquainted with many of our boys, having lived in Manchester and Con-

cord some years before the war. His story was, that being South at the breaking out of the war, he had been forced into the rebel service, from which he had taken the first opportunity to desert. An old story; the stereotyped tale of thousands of demoralized deserters.

At nine o'clock, on the morning of the thirty-first of July, 1863, the Second and Twelfth (the Fifth had not then joined us) landed at Point Lookout, with the squad of prisoners we had been guarding in Washington, and thus laid the foundation of the great depot for prisoners for which the place afterwards became famous.

The Point was admirably adapted for the purpose for which it had been chosen: a long, narrow finger of land, with the Potomac upon one side and the Chesapeake upon the other, and connected with the main-land by a sand bar scarcely two rods in width. A comparatively small force of troops was necessary to guard the prisoners, as the gunboats, of which there were sometimes as many as a dozen about, could have poured in a fire from all sides which would have annihilated the rebels in case of an uprising.

On the second of August, at dress parade, "General Orders, No. 1," was read, in which Gen. MARSTON assumed command of the "District of St. Mary's." A routine of duty was established for the troops, and twenty men were detailed from the Second and Twelfth, to serve as mounted scouts. Their business was to scour the country about, the counties of St. Mary's and Charles, to observe suspicious movements, and ferret out the smugglers who were continually crossing over into Virginia during the night. Their labors were occasionally rewarded by the discovery of a boat-full of salt or other

articles valuable in Dixie, carefully concealed in some secluded creek, awaiting a favorable opportunity for running the line of gunboats on the river.

To say that we enjoyed ourselves in our new camp would but feebly express our feelings—we were in the seventh heaven of the soldier's paradise. Poets may sing of the soldier's longing for the battle tumult, the fierce charge and the sturdy stand, but we know that after they have had their turn at these, nothing is more grateful than to be placed in such a camp as we were in at Point Look-out. The facilities for bathing, for fishing and for boating were unbounded, and Gen. MARSTON, knowing that he could trust the men in his command, allowed us as wide a range of privileges as the most liberal construction of military rules and discipline would permit. The men when not upon duty were given passes to visit St. Mary's, Leonardstown and "The Pines," all little villages a few miles above, and some of them improved their opportunities so well that certain daughters of rabid old secessionists were induced to forego their traditional hatred of the Yankees, and even to marry members of the proscribed race.

The men collected boats from the coast above, most of them "dug-outs," until the beach by the camp was lined with the little boats. The men soon became very expert in the management of these frail crafts, and would venture in them out upon the river or even round into the bay in the roughest weather. Those acquainted with them know that of all boats a dug-out is the most unmanageable, yet a capsizing was of very rare occurrence. Three of our men, enterprising experimenters, fitted a keel upon one of these craft, and setting a sail large

enough for a boat of twice its size, ventured out into the bay with a stiff breeze. Everything went swimmingly for a few minutes, when with a sudden lurch the boat capsized and left the three luckless adventurers floundering "on the ocean wave," until rescued by a gunboat which happened to be in the vicinity.

Within a stone's throw of camp, in the river, were enormous oyster beds, from which boat-load after boat-load of luscious bivalves were taken, the men improvising oyster rakes for that purpose; and in the proper season a score of little schooners were daily engaged in dredging to supply the Washington and Baltimore markets.

Bodies of prisoners soon began to arrive, sometimes in small squads and often hundreds at a time, until there were several thousand to guard. As the prisoners' camp increased in size, a larger number of guards was required, until half the men were on guard each day, and oftentimes standing upon their post twelve hours out of the twenty-four.

The discipline and rules of the prisoners' camp were soon established, and all the arrangements were characterized by a humanity which formed a striking contrast with the treatment of Union prisoners at Belle Isle, at Millen and at Andersonville. Comfortable tents—"Sibley" and "A"—such as we received, were furnished in sufficient numbers to give every man a shelter; good rations, of the same quality as were dealt out to us, were given to the prisoners, and eight houses erected with ample accommodations for cooking. The camp was kept well policed, and all sanitary measures taken necessary to preserve the health of the prisoners. A board fence, about twelve feet high, was erected around the whole

camp, with a walk upon the outside, near the top, for the guard. Capt. JOAB N. PATTERSON was appointed Provost Marshal of the district, and Capt. GEORGE E. SIDES, of Company K, placed in command of the camp. The prisoners were organized into companies of one hundred men, over each of which one of their number was placed as sergeant.

Confinement in a palace would be unendurable. No one will dispute this. Then it cannot be wondered at that the brains of our rebel prisoners were constantly at work devising means of escape. Not one in ten of these schemes was crowned with success, although the novelty of some should have insured their escape. The great conspiracy was discovered in February of 1864, which embraced a large number of men, and for which great preparations had been made. Wind was got of the contemplated movement, and measures taken to prevent it. The Second and Twelfth were placed under arms, and while the prisoners were all marched from their quarters a thorough search was made through every tent. Several muskets were discovered, and many bunks were found to be little boats, constructed of pieces of boards, with oarlocks cut in the sides and the cracks filled with grease and soap so as to render them water-tight. Oars and paddles were also found, all of which were destroyed by the relentless Yankees.

The individual enterprises in this line were common, some attempting to tunnel out, some to bribe the guards, and others to secrete themselves when outside the camp for firewood or with working parties. Two of this latter class were observed to crawl under a house one evening when their party was returning to camp. The officer of

the guard posted half a dozen men near by, with orders to watch till the concealed rebels, thinking the coast clear, should crawl out from their hiding place, and then to fire and give them a good fright, but not to injure either of them. In the evening the heads of the two prisoners appeared, carefully reconnoitering the ground, when half a dozen rifles cracked and as many bullets whistled within a few inches of their ears. Neither of them were wounded, but they were both terribly frightened, and made piteous appeals to our boys not to shoot again, as they were perfectly willing to give up beaten. This little affair had a good effect upon the prisoners in camp, giving them the idea that we kept a heavy and vigilant guard outside of their camp as well as in.

To pass away time and as a source of revenue, the rebels manufactured rings, bosom-pins, watch-chains and an immense variety of other trinkets, from bone and gutta percha, which they sold to our men, and also many other articles which displayed a high degree of ingenuity. One man manufactured a clock which kept excellent time, the front and back being made of the sides of a tin can-teen; and another man built a stationary steam-engine, perfect in all its parts. An important branch of industry was brick-making. Every sunny day scores of the men might be seen kneading the clay and sand, filling little square boxes with the mixture and dumping it on the ground to dry in the sun. Some of the most enterprising made enough of these bricks to build themselves little *adobe* houses, and sold many to our men at fifty cents a hundred to build chimneys in our own camp.

Gambling, however, was the chief occupation, and scores of professional sharpers set up their establishments

and worked with as much zeal to cheat their unfortunate comrades out of a chew of tobacco—the common stake—as was ever displayed at any board when thousands were changing hands every minute.

The Provost Marshal had his hands full in a short time, as applications to take the oath of allegiance and to be allowed to go north, poured in by thousands. Many, also, wished to enlist into our army or navy, and a camp was established for them outside of the prison bounds. Two regiments were raised, known as the First and Second United States Volunteers, officered by men from the regiments in the department. These did good service at Norfolk as Provost Guard, and are now engaged in fighting the Indians in Colorado Territory. Several enlisted into the Second Regiment, and braver, truer men than they proved themselves never fought beneath the old flag.

On the fourteenth of November, the Fifth Regiment arrived from New Hampshire, where it had been upon furlough, bringing with them several hundred of that class known as “bounty-jumpers.” Now the men had the double duty to perform of guarding the rebel prisoners and at the same time the men their State had sent out to fill up their ranks. The boats which had been such a source of enjoyment, were taken away, to prevent the substitutes from escaping in them, and strong guards were stationed where guards had never been stationed before. The Second Regiment soon received its instalment, as did the Twelfth. Several of these were drowned in attempts to escape—one while out on Chesapeake Bay in a coffin which he had taken from a pile at the Point and caulked up to use as a boat. Of these men we will have more to say in the next chapter.

On the twelfth of January, 1864, Gen. MARSTON led a raiding party into the counties of Virginia lying opposite Point Lookout. The force consisted of three hundred infantry, picked men, one hundred and fifty cavalry, and a section of a Rhode Island battery. The expedition left the wharf early in the morning, convoyed by gunboats, landed upon the Virginia shore, and for three days created quite a commotion among the rebels, a large force of whom were on the south side of the Rappahannock, but were prevented from crossing by our gunboats in the river. Saltworks and tanneries were destroyed, and several rebel officers and soldiers home upon furlough, were captured. On the afternoon of the fifteenth, the expedition returned to the Point, having lost one man accidentally killed, and about a dozen missing.

On the twenty-third of February, the Thirty-Sixth Regiment of United States Colored Troops arrived upon the Point to assist in doing guard duty, as four hundred and fifty men were to leave the next day on furlough of twenty days for New Hampshire. These men were transported by water to Boston, upon the "Admiral Dupont," formerly the blockade-runner "Tubal Cain," which was lost at sea in the summer of 1865.

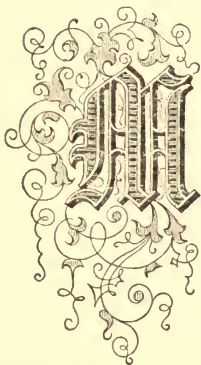
Point Lookout was the scene of a terrible snow-storm on the twenty-third of March, one of the most severe we ever witnessed in the South. The storm set in during the afternoon, and by night the snow lay in huge drifts in the streets and by the sides of the tents. The next day a great snow-ball battle was fought between the Second and Twelfth. The battle was contested upon either side with as much valor and stubbornness as was ever displayed where more deadly weapons were used, and quite

a respectable list of wounded was rolled up. Black eyes were plenty in both regiments for some days, and the surgeons state that there was also an unusual demand for sticking-plaster.

Gen. MARSTON was relieved of the command at Point Lookout on the fourth day of April, by Gen. HINKS; and three days later the Second Regiment embarked on the steamer "Escort," once more to try its fortunes on the soil of the Peninsula.

CHAPTER XIX.

BUTLER'S CAMPAIGN ON THE JAMES.



ARCHING from the boat early on the morning of Thursday, the eighth of April, 1863, we passed through the fort encircling Yorktown, and camped upon the green plain to its front. The post was under the command of Gen. WISTAR, the garrison of which consisted of the One Hundred and Forty-Eighth New York, and a brigade of colored troops, camped near the old parallels of McCLELLAN. On the eleventh the Twelfth Regiment came down from Point Lookout, and one of the colored regiments was sent up to take its place.

We were not fairly in camp before our bounty-jumpers began to show their colors. Within three days over a hundred men had deserted, some going towards the rebel lines, and others, not understanding the geography of the country, towards Fortress Monroe. A large proportion

of these men were captured, and it was considered necessary to make an example of some of the number in order to put a stop to such wholesale desertion. Four of them had been captured in an open boat, while making their way along the western shore of Chesapeake Bay. They were observed by the captain of a boat bound down from Baltimore, who immediately steered towards them, when they attempted to reach the shore, but having only rough pieces of board for paddles they could not make much headway, and were overhauled. A court-martial was immediately assembled, and "JOHN EGAN," of Company A, one of those captured in the boat, placed upon trial, found guilty of desertion, and sentenced to be shot the following day, the thirteenth. All the preparations were made for the execution, the regiment marched to the ground, and EGAN was on his way to the spot, when a reprieve arrived, and arrested the proceedings. The miserable man threw up his cap and danced for joy, evidently thinking that the authorities merely intended to frighten him, and then pardon, as had been done scores of times before during the war. But he soon found that the court was terribly in earnest, for two days after he was again taken forth, accompanied by one of his companions, HENRY HOLT, who had been tried and sentenced in the meantime. The spot selected for the execution was a grass-covered plot about a mile from the fort, near the brow of a steep bluff overhanging the York River. The Second Regiment, with unloaded muskets, was drawn up in line immediately facing the spot upon which the miserable men were to pay the penalty of their crime with their lives; upon the left of the regiment, in position to rake the line, a section of artillery was placed; to the

rear the One Hundred and Forty-Eighth; and upon the left, with its line formed at a right angle with the regiment, two colored regiments, with loaded muskets. The condemned men rode astride their coffins, and accompanied by a Roman Catholic priest. They glanced at the dreadful preparations with as unconcerned an air as possible, but the fixed eye and swelling throat showed that it was only by intense effort they could master their feelings. The carts stopped at a point directly in front of the regiment, where they alighted, and their coffins were placed upon the ground side by side. The Provost Marshal read the findings of the court and the sentence, when the twelve men detailed for the purpose were marched to the front of the coffins, a few feet distant. The prisoners removed their coats, and knelt upon the green grass while the priest commended their souls to God. Arising, they shook hands with the provost marshal in token of forgiveness for the part he was to perform, and also with the reverend father; their eyes were bandaged and their wrists bound with white handkerchiefs, when they were seated upon their coffins. Then followed a terrible moment; the marshal raised his hand, and the sharp click of a dozen gunlocks was heard; again, and the pieces sprang to the shoulder; a third time, and the two culprits fell back across their coffins dead. After a reasonable time had elapsed the bodies were examined by the surgeons to see if life was extinct, when the troops were marched by them and back to camp. The two companions of these men were afterwards tried, convicted, sentenced and executed at Williamsburg on the twenty-ninth. These measures were harsh, but they had a most salutary effect and the desertions were immediately checked.

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BUTLER'S "Army of the James" began to assemble at Yorktown and Gloucester soon after our arrival. Vessels from Port Royal, from North Carolina and from other points steamed up the river almost daily, laden with troops and batteries of artillery. The army comprised two corps—the Eighteenth, commanded by General "BALDY" SMITH, and the Tenth, commanded by Gen. GILLMORE. To the former, WISTAR'S Brigade was assigned, consisting of the Second and Twelfth New Hampshire and the One Hundred and Forty-Eighth New York. On the twenty-second, the brigade removed to Williamsburg, where it remained encamped until the fourth day of May, on the afternoon of which day the tents were struck, and the brigade marched towards the James River, where it was embarked late at night upon transports, from an old pier which had been newly planked for the occasion. The boats anchored in the stream until morning, when, with the first rays of the sun, the great fleet conveying the Army of the James began to pass up the river, having passed from the York river during the night around into the James, to land the expedition at City Point and Bermuda Hundred, while the rebels were expecting the blow to fall at West Point or at the White House, on the York. First came the gunboats, saucy "double-enders," monitors, and the ram Atlanta, captured off Savannah by the Weehauken. Closely following these came the transports, every style and variety of craft being represented. There were old stern-wheelers, looking like huge saw-mills afloat on the tide, huge black ocean steamers and little river boats, tugs dragging schooners loaded with rations for man or beast, and dispatch boats darting from one point to another. In this great fleet the boats con-

veying our brigade took their position, and steamed up the river. We passed many points of interest on the route—the ruins of Jamestown, the first settlement of Virginia, in striking contrast with the early settlements of our Pilgrim Fathers; Fort Powhattan with its frowning battlements and precipitous sides, up which were moving negro troops to take possession; Harrison's Landing with its lonely mansion house and barren fields; and Malvern Hill, the scene of the deadly conflict of 1862. At nine o'clock in the evening we were at City Point, which from a distance with its thousands of lights displayed from the vessels comprising the fleet, presented the appearance of a large city.

The army disembarked during the night and the following morning, and an immediate advance was made in the direction of Petersburg. The popular belief among the men was that Fort Darling, a few miles above, was to be immediately invested, and most of them were so sanguine that they expected to see that rebel stronghold in our possession before night. The body of the army, however, advanced no farther than to the neck of the peninsula formed by the James and Appomattox, of which Bermuda Hundred was the apex, although a force was sent out a few miles farther to feel the enemy. The Eighteenth Corps encamped on a high plateau near the Appomattox, from which the spires of several churches in the city of Petersburg could be seen miles away, rising above the intervening forests. Near the camp, upon the most commanding point of the plateau, stood a dwelling-house. The engineers selected the spot as the site for a redoubt, and the day after our arrival details from the regiment demolished the building, filling up a well with the bricks

from the chimney. In the evening a rebel signal light was seen through the darkness in the direction of Petersburg. A section of artillery was brought out and a few shells thrown in the direction of the waving ball of fire, but the range was necessarily bad, and the rebels paid no attention to our messengers.

On Monday, the eighth of May, a general advance was made towards Petersburg. Our light-draft gunboats worked their way up the sluggish, shallow waters of the Appomattox to engage certain strong rebel works, while the army advanced by land, encountering the enemy in a continuous running fight, during which the Second Regiment had one man killed and six wounded. The Richmond and Petersburg Railroad was reached, and a considerable portion of it destroyed. The next day the army returned to its camp. The gunboats engaged Fort Clifton and other rebel works; and the Brewster, which from its light draft was enabled to ascend the river farther than the rest, received a hot shot and shortly after blew up, her crew escaping by swimming to the shore.

On the twelfth the army again advanced, this time in the direction of Fort Darling, a sufficient guard being left in the camp to protect it from any movement from the direction of Petersburg. The rebels were steadily pressed back, until our army confronted the outworks of Fort Darling. GILLMORE's Tenth Corps gallantly charged and captured the enemy's works upon the left, while the riflemen of the Eighteenth drove the rebels from those upon the right, commanding the telegraph pike to Richmond. HECKMAN's Brigade formed the extreme right of the line, and to their left our brigade — first the Second, then the One Hundred and Forty - Eighth, and the Twelfth

across the pike, where a battery was posted upon the reverse side of the captured rebel works. Three hundred yards to the front loomed up a strong rebel fort from which floated two gaudy flags, while a half dozen log barracks just outside were occupied by rebel sharpshooters. Skirmishers were thrown out, who drove the rebels from the barracks, and kept up such a fire from behind the logs and stumps close under the fort that not a head appeared along the whole rebel line.

On the fourteenth and fifteenth, the regiment erected a breastwork of logs, in front of which, from stump to stump, a network of telegraph wire was strung, to trip an advancing enemy.

On the morning of the sixteenth of May was fought the celebrated "fog fight," Beauregard concentrating his troops about Fort Darling, and making a grand sortie to drive back the besiegers. Under cover of a dense fog the rebels silently formed their lines outside of the works, and made a furious attack upon the extreme right, to turn that flank of our army. HECKMAN'S and WISTAR'S Brigades bore the brunt of the attack. The Second fought, among other rebel troops, several companies of the "fine young men" of Richmond, who had been brought out for the emergency. A rebel flag was planted a short distance at the front of our line in a spirit of bravado, and then the mass of charging rebels burst into sight. The rifles of the regiment were emptied into the advancing ranks with terrible effect, while the line was thrown into inextricable confusion by the wires upon the stumps, which tripped the men and sent them sprawling upon the ground, the wounded and the uninjured piled up together. Our men, in the excitement of the moment, leaped upon their

log breastworks, and plied their rifles with terrible effect. The attack was renewed again, desperately, but with the same result. The ground in front of the breastworks was literally matted with mangled gray-clad forms. The regiment never in any fight inflicted such terrible punishment upon the enemy as here, Lieut. Col. COOPER (then adjutant) estimating their loss in front of the regiment at not far from two thousand. A rebel who was engaged in the fight and afterwards taken prisoner, acknowledged to one of our men that their loss on the right of the turnpike was about eighteen hundred, and also expressed the opinion that the wire arrangement was a "d—d rascally contrivance." Yet we suffered a very slight proportionate loss—four killed and fourteen wounded. Among the killed was the lamented Capt. JAMES H. PLATT, of Company E. During the hottest of the fight he had just called the attention of Lieut. LORD to the withering effect of our fire, when a rifle bullet pierced his brain, and he expired almost immediately. His body was conveyed in an ambulance to City Point, embalmed and sent to New Hampshire, where it now sleeps in the beautiful Valley Cemetery at Manchester.

But while we were repulsing the rebel attacks so handsomely, a strong force was marching clear around the right of HECKMAN's Brigade, which suddenly received a volley from the rear. The brigade was broken and crushed, the men slaughtered, and the general wounded and taken prisoner. The right was thus turned, and the Second was ordered to fall back, which it did for a short distance, when, in obedience to orders, it advanced and occupied the breastworks for a second time until the whole line was withdrawn, and a new one established a few hundred

yards to the rear. The remainder of the day was passed in skirmishing and manœuvering; and at night BUTLER withdrew to Bermuda Hundred.

We were now placed in a state of siege, and the utmost diligence was displayed in the erection of a line of works across the Peninsula, which were soon completed, the men laboring night and day. The portion of the line occupied by the Eighteenth Corps, presented an unusually strong front, a part of its distance being swept by the gunboats on the Appomattox, and the rest fronting upon almost impassable ravines. Upon the centre and right were broad, open fields, over which the Tenth Corps were continually fighting with the enemy, and many a time did the firing upon that portion of the line become so brisk that the whole Eighteenth Corps was turned out and formed behind the works. On the twentieth a severe fight was had over some of our advanced rifle-pits, in which the rebel Maj. Gen. WALKER was severely wounded and captured. At night the gunboats often shelled the woods in our front, their ponderous shells howling and crashing through the trees in a line parallel with the works, until they ended their career in stunning explosions.

Thus the time passed until the twenty-seventh. On that day our division deserted the works, which were occupied by dismounted cavalry, squads of invalids and detachments from the Tenth Corps. We marched about a mile to the rear, and camped until five o'clock on the afternoon of the twenty-eighth, when we crossed the Appomattox on a pontoon bridge, and marched to City Point, which was garrisoned by the negro division of our corps. The movement was a blind one to the men, who, for once, were at a loss to account for the movement or to

guess at its destination. It afterwards came out that the movement was commenced with a view to a morning assault upon a portion of the rebel works about Petersburg, but an order arriving from Gen. GRANT for a reinforcement from BUTLER's Army, we were diverted from our original course and sent to join the Lieutenant General, as will be detailed in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XX.

COLD HARBOR.



AT sunrise on the twenty-ninth of May, the division embarked upon transports and steamed down the James, the Second Regiment occupying the new propeller "General Lyon." At nine o'clock the little fleet anchored off Yorktown; and early the next morning we were again on our way, up the turbid waters of the York. At West Point we entered the Pamunky, narrow, tortuous and difficult of navigation. Our troubles now commenced, for the General Lyon, with its great draft of water, was continually running aground, and one time she remained with her keel in the mud for five hours before she was extricated. To the Pamunky we are willing to give the palm as being the most crooked river we ever traversed. One could hardly trace upon paper a line with more contortions than is displayed by this stream. At one time we saw, as it ap-

peared to us, the leading transports turn and steam their way back. The conclusion was that a rebel battery had been encountered, and that the transports were coming back to give the gunboats a chance; but we soon discovered that we had been deceived by a huge ox-bow turn of the river.

When about two miles from White House our transport ran aground and could not be pulled off. So the next morning we were taken off by a ferry-boat and landed at White House. The wreck and ruins of canal-boats and barges which had been destroyed during the Peninsula campaign still lined the shores, and the two blackened chimneys were all that remained of the celebrated "White House." During the forenoon the knapsacks and all superfluous luggage was packed to be sent to Norfolk, and at three o'clock in the afternoon we set out to join the Army of the Potomac, which had so valiantly fought its way from the Rapidan to Cold Harbor. We camped at about nine in the evening near Old Church, where the western horizon was bright with the light from the camp-fires of GRANT's great army.

The next day, the first of June, we joined the Army of the Potomac. The division guarded a wagon train to Gen. GRANT's headquarters, and immediately pushed on where the Sixth Corps was skirmishing with the enemy, about a mile beyond. The division was marched rapidly down the dusty road, and precipitated into the fight immediately. There was much hot work, and the rebels were driven into their main line of entrenchments, leaving many prisoners in our hands. The Second Regiment, although under a hot artillery fire, and losing several men, was not actively engaged. The next day the division lay

in an open field, across which, within long rifle range, a rebel flag waved defiantly in the summer air. In the woods to either side of the field lay line upon line of our troops, while a single line was extended across the field, sheltered by a rude breastwork, in front of which were little holes from which the pickets kept up a continual fire. At night the division moved to the right, and made their bivouac just to the rear of a triple line of breastworks. It was well known that there was to be a terrible fight on the morrow, and the men, as they sipped their coffee by the camp-fires discussed the position as only soldiers can, and wondered who of the number would "go up" in the approaching conflict.

The morning of the second dawned, and with its first beams the division advanced down through the works and formed in the cover of the woods. The charge which ensued upon the rebel works—the battle of Cold Harbor—was bloody in the extreme, but we shall confine ourselves to the movements of our own brigade and regiment. The brigade was closed in mass by battalion, the Twelfth New Hampshire being the first and the Second the fifth battalion in the column. The order was given to advance, and as the brigade dashed from the woods it was greeted with a terrible fire from artillery and from the thousands of deadly tubes which bristled from the rebel works. The men dropped by scores, but the column dashed forward for full two hundred yards—more than half the distance—when the Twelfth, which had been slaughtered mercilessly, halted, and was thrown back by the pitiless hail. The three intervening regiments also broke, and the ranks of the Second were thrown into confusion; but in the edge of the woods the men halted and re-

formed the lines. The rebel bullets every moment sought their victims, and to protect themselves the men, lying flat on the ground and using their hands, bayonets and knives, threw up little mounds of earth to shelter themselves, which were afterwards added to and elaborated into servicable rifle-pits. Men were being constantly wounded. Capt. GEORGE W. GORDON, of Company I, was struck in the top of the head by a bullet, and died at the hospital in less than an hour. Capt. WILLIAM H. SMITH, of Company B, was wounded through both legs, and though no bones were injured he died on the seventh. Lieut. HARRY HAYWARD, of Company D, was using a rifle, shooting at a point where an obnoxious sharpshooter was stationed, when a bullet pierced his neck, and he lived but a few hours. Sergt. Maj. MOSES L. F. SMITH was shot through the thighs, living a short time in dreadful agony. A bullet struck close by the head of Lieut. GEO. T. CARTER, of Company I. "CARTER's got it!" exclaimed a comrade. "No, I guess not," exclaimed the lieutenant, raising his head, when a bullet, better aimed than the first, struck him in the head and inflicted an ugly wound. Dr. BUNTON, the assistant surgeon, established a field hospital in a hole which he dug with his own hands a short distance from the line of battle, and thus rendered prompt aid to many for whom delay would have been dangerous. The entire loss of the regiment this day was not far from seventy, and many of those killed had but four days longer to serve, when their three years of service would have expired.

The dead and wounded remained upon the field between the two lines, and during the night the men crawled out to the assistance of their wounded companions, and many

were brought in who lay close by the rebel pickets. During the days which now ensued there was a constant fusillade, and men were wounded and killed daily. Regiments whose time had expired often had men killed in the ranks while marching to the rear on their way home, and the field we have before spoken of was dotted with the graves of men who had been shot while crossing it.

On the morning of the eighth the original men who had not re-enlisted were marched from the trenches to return to their native State. It was a sad occasion, the parting of the men who for three years had stood together as brothers in danger and trial, and if tears were shed they were not evidences of unmanly weakness. "I will tell you what it is, boys," exclaimed one of the men, "when I think what we have been through together, and all about the last three years, it makes me almost decide that I'll not go home till you do." And not a man but felt more or less of this sentiment.

On the ninth we embarked at White House on the *Young America*, anchoring for the night near Yorktown. The next day we went to Norfolk for our baggage, which had been stored there; and on the eleventh the quartermaster at Fortress Monroe informed us that if we would unload the propeller *Detroit* we could have her as a transport to New York. The ship was unloaded in an astonishingly short time, and at half-past eight we bade farewell to the soil of Virginia, the scene of our three years campaigns, the grave of so many brave comrades.

We arrived in New York during the evening of the thirteenth, took the "*Commonwealth*" the next day for Groton, and at eleven o'clock in the forenoon of the seventeenth were once more in the capital of the old Granite

State. The citizens of Concord laid out for a grand reception, which did not come off because the soldiers scattered for their homes until hardly two of them remained together. They appreciated the good feelings of the Concord people, and thanked them sincerely, but after such an absence as they had experienced, the claims of families and personal friends took the precedence.

On Tuesday, the twenty-first day of June, 1864, the men assembled at Concord, and in the State House Yard listened to the last roll-call of the companies, and the words of the mustering officer which once more made them citizens—"Mustered out of the United States Service."

APPENDIX.

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

THOMAS P. PIERCE, *Colonel*. Resigned June 4, 1861.
GILMAN MARSTON, *Colonel*. Promoted to Brig. Gen. April 17, 1863.
FRANCIS S. FISKE, *Lieut. Colonel*. Resigned Oct. 13, 1862.
JOSIAH STEVENS, JR., *Major*. Resigned July 25, 1862.
SAMUEL G. LANGLEY, *Adjutant*. Pro. Lt. Col. 5th N. H., Oct. 26, 1861.
FRANK FULLER, *Quartermaster*. Resigned June 3, 1861.
GEORGE H. HUBBARD, *Surgeon*. Resigned June 3, 1861.
JAMES M. MERROW, " Mustered out June 21, 1864.
WILLIAM P. STONE, *Assistant Surgeon*. Pro. to Surgeon, June, 1864.
GEORGE P. GREELEY, " Resigned June 3, 1861.
OSCAR WORTHLEY, " Resigned Sept. 17, 1862.
SYLVANUS BUNTON, " Mustered out June 21, 1864.
HENRY E. PARKER, *Chaplain*. Resigned July, 1862.
GEORGE S. BARNES, " Resigned April 25, 1863.
JOHN W. ADAMS, "

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

WILLIAM G. STARK, *Hospital Steward*. Pro. Asst. Surgeon June, 1864.
GEORGE W. GORDON, *Sergt. Major*. Pro. to Capt. Killed June 2, 1864.
JAMES A. COOK, *Commissary Sergt.* Pro. to Captain and Commissary
[of Subsistence,

LINE OFFICERS.

COMPANY A.

TILESTON A. BARKER, *Captain*. Resigned Sept. 1, 1862.

HENRY M. METCALF, *First Lieut.* Promoted to Captain Co. F. Killed
[at Gettysburg.]

HERBERT B. TITUS, *Second Lieut.* Promoted Major 9th N. H. V.

COMPANY B.

SIMON G. GRIFFIN, *Captain*. Promoted Lieut. Col. 6th N. H. V.

CHARLES W. WALKER, *First Lieut.* Killed by R. R. accident, June, '61.

ABIEL W. COLBY, *Second Lieut.* Pro. to Capt. Died May 13, 1862.

COMPANY C.

JAMES W. CARR, *Captain*. Pro. to Lieut. Col. Mus. out June 21, 1864.

JAMES H. PLATT, *First Lieut.* Pro. to Capt. Killed May 16, 1864.

SAMUEL O. BURNHAM, *Second Lieut.* Wounded severely May 5th. Pro.
[to Capt. Trans. to Inv. Corps.]

COMPANY D.

HIRAM ROLLINS, *Captain*. Resigned Oct. 14, 1864.

SAMUEL P. SAYLES, *First Lieut.* Promoted to Major. Wounded sev'ly
[July 2, 1863. Mustered out June 21, 1864.]

WARREN H. PARMENTER, *Second Lieut.* Pro. 1st Lt. Resigned July, '62.

COMPANY E.

LEONARD DROWN, *Captain*. Killed May 5, 1862.

WILLIAM H. SMITH, *First Lieut.* Pro. Capt. Died of wounds June 7, '64.

AL B. THOMPSON, *Second Lieut.* Entered Regular Army, Aug. 7, 1861.

COMPANY F.

THOMAS SNOW, *Captain*. Resigned Aug. 12, 1862.

JOSHUA F. LITTLEFIELD, *First Lieut.* Pro. to Capt. Died of wounds
[received Aug. 29, 1863.]

HARRISON D. F. YOUNG, *Second Lieut.* Pro. Capt. Mus. out J'e 21, '64.

COMPANY G.

EPHRAIM WESTON, *Captain*. Died Dec. 9, 1861.

EVARTS W. FARR, *First Lieut.* Pro. to Capt. Resigned Sept. 4, 1862.

SYLVESTER ROGERS, *Second Lieut.* Pro. 1st Lt. Killed Aug. 29, 1862.

LINE OFFICERS—COMPANY H.

ICHABOD PEARL, *Captain*. Resigned Aug. 12, 1861.

JOAB N. PATTERSON, *First Lieut.* Pro. Col. on muster out of original
[members of Reg't., not re-enlisted.]

WM. H. PRESCOTT, *Second Lieut.* Entered Regular Army, Aug. 7, 1861.

COMPANY I.

EDWARD L. BAILEY, *Captain*. Promoted to Colonel. Mus. out June, '64.

SAMUEL G. LANGLEY, *First Lieut. and Adj't.* Pro. Lt. Col. 5th N. H.

JOSEPH A. HUBBARD, *Second Lieut.* Pro. to Capt. Killed July 2, 1863.

COMPANY K.

WILLIAM O. SIDES, *Captain*. Resigned July, 1861.

JOHN S. GODFREY, *First Lieut.* Pro. to Capt. and Asst. Qr. Master.

JOHN S. SIDES, *Second Lieut.* Pro. to First Lieut. Resigned Jan. 7, '63.

ENLISTED MEN.

COMPANY A.

SERGEANTS.

Fred. W. Cobb, First Sergeant. Pro. First Lieut. Resig'd Aug. 31, '62.

Levi N. Converse, promoted to Captain.

Milton W. Clark, discharged for disability, May 31, 1863.

Christian Pressler, discharged by order, Dec. 15, 1862.

Center H. Lawrence, Promoted to Ass't. Adj't. General.

CORPORALS.

Jonathan Calif, died of wounds, Aug. 14, 1861.

Rufus Atwood, promoted Sergeant. Died Jan. 23, 1864.

Isaac W. Derby, discharged for disability Sept. 10, 1861.

Sanford A. Atherton, discharged Sept. 12, 1862.

Joseph W. Wetherbee, discharged Oct. 22, 1862.

Henry H. Johnson, discharged July 21, 1861.

William Dunton, discharged by order Nov. 6, 1862.

John P. Stone, promoted to Sergeant. Killed July 2, 1863.

MUSICIANS.

Shubeal White, unaccounted for.

Henry Holton, died March 19, 1863.

WAGONER.

Emery W. Grandy, mustered out, June 21, 1864.

PRIVATES.

Adams, Charles W., mustered out June 21, 1864.
 Blake, John A., wounded July 2, 1863, discharged June 7, 1864.
 Bowen, Alfred R., promoted to Corporal, mustered out June 21, 1864.
 Blodgett, Calvin A., mustered out June 21, 1864.
 Blodgett, Charles S., mustered out June 21, 1864.
 Bryant, John F., mustered out June 21, 1864.
 Burbank, Daniel E., discharged May 22, 1862.
 Burrill, John H., mustered out June 21, 1864.
 Brooks, Daniel S., died in hands of enemy, Oct. 21, 1861.
 Belknap, Chester, mustered out June 21, 1864.
 Blake, Charles H., discharged Nov. 17, 1862.
 Capron, J. Foster, discharged Oct. 22, 1861.
 Calif, William W., discharged Jan. 27, 1863.
 Cummings, Thadeus, discharged Sept. 12, 1862.
 Coolridge, George, discharged Aug. 19, 1861.
 Drummer, John A., died Dec. 9, 1861.
 Darling, John G., discharged July 25, 1862.
 Davis, Nathaniel D., discharged Feb. 7, 1863.
 Davis, George G., discharged Sept. 12, 1862.
 Davis, James, died Jan. 9, 1863.
 Emerson, Quincy A., re-enlisted.
 Eaton, Orleans S., discharged April 27, 1864.
 Eddy, George P., discharged Feb. 7, 1863.
 Farr, Charles M., discharged Nov. 5, 1862.
 Forristall, Jonas, died Oct. 25, 1862.
 Gillson, Aaron R., discharged July 28, 1861.
 Greenwood, True M., discharged Sept. 25, 1861.
 Hunt, Lucius F., discharged July 28, 1861.
 Howe, Lucius T., unaccounted for.
 Hammond, John W., re-enlisted.
 Heaton, George S., discharged — date unknown.
 Hodskins, William H., died July 25, 1862.
 Hurd, Warren H., discharged Jan. 25, 1864. [tered out June 21, 1864.
 Haywood, Allen B., promoted to 1st Sergt. Wounded July 2, 1863, mus-
 Holbrook, Samuel F., pro. to 1st S'gt. W'ded July 2, '63. Re-enlisted.
 Heustis, Aristides, deserted Dec. 22, 1862.
 Heaton, Albert W., died May 25, 1862.
 Haywood, Silas L., promoted First Lieut. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
 Hildreth, William H., mustered out June 21, 1864.
 Holden, Jonathan M., discharged Oct. 19, 1861.

Isham, Charles H., discharged June 25, 1863.
Jewell, Elbridge E., discharged July 28, 1861.
Jaquith, Dana S., Mustered out July 21, 1864.
Joslyn, Joseph H., promoted to Corporal. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Joslyn, John K., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Lane, Nathaniel F., killed May 5, 1862.
Lawrence, Abraham R., died Jan. 14, 1862.
McIntosh, Charles H., re-enlisted.
Marsh, Henry H., mustered out June 21, 1864.
McManus, Michael, w'nded July 2, '63. Pro. Corp. Mus. out June 21, '64.
Miles, Danvers, discharged July 30, 1862.
Miles, George, killed June 25, 1862.
Nims, Ruel P., wounded July 2, 1863. Transferred to Invalid Corps.
Nash, Frank, discharged Feb. 7, 1863.
Preckle, William H., discharged February 3, 1863.
Pratt, Edward R., discharged July 28, 1863.
Pickett, George L., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Ritchie, Edmund F., died Oct. 2, 1862.
Ruffle, Benjamin F., wounded July 2, 1863. Re-enlisted.
Rice, John L., commissioned in 16th N. H. V.
Sumner, Aaron B., promoted Sergeant. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Spring, William H., killed July 2, 1863.
Sherwin, Horace E., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Shirgley, Charles H., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Stevens, George C., wounded July 2, 1863. Re-enlisted.
Sebastian, Charles, deserted, date unknown.
Sebastian, Samuel, discharged July 28, 1861.
Sanborn, Mattison, discharged Aug. 1, 1861.
Taft, Edward N., killed May 5, 1862.
Turner, Gardner W., killed Aug. 29, 1862.
Tower, George R., discharged July 16, 1861.
Taft, Josiah O., died June 30, 1862.
Thorning, William H., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Turrell, Aaron B., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Walker, Albert R., pro. Sergt. W'nded July 2, '62. Trans. to Inv. C'ps.
Whittemore, Daniel W., discharged Aug. 19, 1861.
Whitman, George H., discharged Aug. 18, 1862.
Woodward, Daniel B., mustered out June 21, 1864.
White, Henry, died Dec. 9, 1861.
Wheeler, William C., discharged Sept. 12, 1862.
White, Gilman E., died Feb. 20, 1862.
Wheeler, John F., died of wounds June 8, 1862.
Young, Edwin, promoted to Sergeant. Mustered out June 21, 1864.

COMPANY B.

SERGEANTS.

Charles Holmes, First Sergeant. Pro. to Capt. 17th U. S. Inf'ty.
George W. Boyden, pro. to First Lieutenant. Resigned May 20, 1862.
Charles S. Cooper, taken prisoner July 21, 1861.
Frank W. Perkins, promoted to Capt. and Asst. Quartermaster.
Charles A. Milton, app. Medical Cadet, Oct. 1, 1861.

CORPORALS.

John O. Stevens, pro. to Sergeant. Died of wounds rec'd July 2, 1863.
John D. Cooper, Jr., pro. to Lt. Col. on muster out men not re-enlisted.
George M. Shute, pro. to First Lieut.
Hiram F. Gerrish, pro. to Capt. and A. Q. M.
Charles H. Shute, pro. First Lieut. and Regimental Quartermaster.
Wells C. Haynes, wounded July 21, 1861, and died in hands of enemy.
Thomas E. Barker, discharged on account of wounds.
Thomas B. Leaver, pro. to Sergeant. Killed July 25, 1862.

MUSICIANS.

John W. Odlin, transferred to 3d N. H. V.
Edward G. Tuttle, discharged Aug. 16, 1862.

WAGONER.

William W. Casson, discharged March 3, 1863.

PRIVATE.

Anderson, Daniel, re-enlisted. Killed at Cold Harbor June 2, 1864.
Brown, John L. T., wounded and discharged.
Burbank, Calvin M., pro. to Corp. W'nded July 2, 1863. Mus. out '64.
Ballard, William W., pro. to First Lieut. Killed July 2, 1863.
Boody, John, discharged Aug. 19, 1861.
Brown, Wilbur F., taken prisoner July 3, 1863.
County, George B., transferred to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Corser, Hamilton T., discharged Aug. 19, 1861.
Carter, George T., w'nded July 2, 1863. Re-enlisted. Pro. to Capt.
Clay, George H., discharged July 15, 1862.
Cheever, George N., pro. to Sergt. Taken prisoner July 2, 1863.
Clifford, William, re-enlisted.
Chase, Samuel H., discharged July 19, 1861.
Carr, Samuel L., discharged Nov. 15, 1862.
Cotton, John F., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Clement, Orrin B., died Dec. 3, 1862.
Carlton, William E., wounded July 2, 1863. Discharged Nov. 20, 1863.
Chapman, Joseph E., wounded and discharged Dec. 5, 1862.

Damon, George H., pro. Corporal. Killed June 25, 1862.
Dickey, William, pro. to Principal Musician. Discharged.
Dickey, David G., discharged Nov. 20, 1863.
Demerett, George W., wounded June 3, '64. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Eastman, John L., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Emerson, George C., killed May 5, 1862.
Eaton, John H., discharged Feb. 15, 1863.
Foss, Charles H., unaccounted for.
Farmer, Augustus B., pro. to 1st Sergt. W'n'd June 3, '64. Mus. out. '64.
Fitts, John L., wounded July 2, 1863. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Goodwin, Charles E., discharged Nov. 20, 1863.
Goodwin, Aaron, died of wounds received July 2, 1863.
Goodwin, Hiram S., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Godfrey, Edwin J., discharged Aug. 19, 1861.
Gillispie, Samuel J., deserted Jan. 14, 1863.
Hadley, Sylvester E., trans. to Veteran Reserve Corps.
Harmond, Charles, mustered out June 21, 1864.
Holden, Wyman, mustered out June 21, 1864.
Hastings, Alfred S., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Hoitt, James W., discharged July 31, 1861.
Heath, Charles N., deserted May 4, 1862.
Hanaghan, Patrick H., killed June 25, 1862.
Hanscom, John H., wounded July 2, 1863. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Harlow, Albert, deserted Aug. 1, 1861.
Kasson, Harry B., pro. to Corporal. Taken prisoner July 3, 1863.
Keyes, Franklin L., discharged Nov. 27, 1862.
Killiher, Michael, discharged Aug. 9, 1861.
Lees, Thomas, taken prisoner July 2, '63. Pro. 2d Lt. Mus. out June, '64.
Lamprey, John L., wounded July 2, 1863. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Lang, Charles A., discharged July 30, 1861.
Lang, Thomas M., promoted to Corporal. Discharged March 10, 1863.
Little, Thomas B., discharged July 30, 1863.
Ladd, George W., died of wounds Sept. 25, 1862.
Lamprey, Horace A., killed June 25, 1862.
Mayo, Giles O., pro. to Corporal. Wounded July 2, 1863. Re-enlisted.
Mitchell, Sewall, pro. to Corporal. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Moon, Henry, discharged July 15, 1862.
May, James A., discharged Oct. 22, 1862.
Moore, John W., discharged to accept promotion March 29, 1863.
McCatherine, Thomas, unaccounted for.
Mace, Charles A., discharged May 28, 1863.
Mace, John H., pro. to Corporal. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Noyes, Edward R., discharged March 8, 1862.

Parker, Charles M., deserted Oct. 20, 1862.
Philbrick, Charles W., killed July 2, 1863.
Patch, William H. H., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Perry, Charles H., discharged July 15, 1862.
Roberts, Andrew J., discharged July 30, 1863.
Soesman, Flavius, re-enlisted. Wounded June 2, 1864.
Seavey, Smith M., discharged.
Sanger, Austin T., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Swett, Nelson S., died of wounds received June 25, 1862.
Small, Edwin F., wounded July 2, 1863. Mustered out Sept. 8, 1864.
Tilden, Charles T., discharged.
True, Roby M., discharged April 1, 1864.
Tuttle, Freeman H., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Tuttle, Horace, promoted to Sergt. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Varney, Benjamin F., wounded May 16, 1864. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
Woodman, Alfred, mustered out June 21, 1864.
Wallace, Nathaniel D., taken prisoner July 3, 1863.
Wilkins, Charles, pro. to Hospital Steward U. S. Army.
Worthen, John H., discharged June 26, 1863.
Wallace, William, discharged Aug. 5, 1862.
Watson, Jacob W., pro. to Corporal. Mustered out June 21, 1864.

COMPANY C.

SERGEANTS.

Norton R. Moore, 1st Sergt. Pro. to 2d Lieut. Killed Aug. 29, 1862.
Richard A. Lawrence, discharged July 29, 1861.
Benjamin F. Chase, killed July 2, 1863.
Alvin L. Wiggin, pro. 1st Lieut. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Frank O. Robinson, pro. to 1st Sergt. Killed Aug. 29, 1862.

CORPORALS.

James M. Bush, pro. to Sergt. Killed May 5, 1862.
Alfred W. Berham, wounded July 21, 1861. Pro. Sergt. Trans. to Inv. C.
Lemuel M. Cox, mustered out June 21, 1864.
Abner H. Clement, deserted Aug. 29, 1862.
Charles Dresser, discharged July 29, 1861.
David W. Colburn, pro. to Sergeant. Killed July 2, 1863.
Sylvester M. Gordon, died Aug. 16, 1861.
James C. Furbush, discharged July 29, 1861.

MUSICIAN.

Charles R. Farnum, discharged.

WAGONER.

Sullivan Silver, discharged.

PRIVATES.

Allen, Frederick R., discharged July 10, 1861.
Allen, Lester H., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Ball, Kimball, deserted July 21, 1861.
Barker, John A., pro. to Corp. W'n'd July 2, '63. Disch'd June 7, '64.
Black, Horace W., discharged.
Brown, Charles W., deserted Aug. 25, 1862.
Bean, Edward D., promoted to Sergt. Re-enlisted.
Bartlett, Charles, deserted July 27, 1861.
Calef, William, taken prisoner July 2, 1863, and died in hands of enemy.
Carey, Henry F., discharged July 29, 1861.
Clement, Charles C., discharged July 10, 1861.
Chase, John, pro. to Corporal. Wounded and missing July 2, 1863.
Clark, Edward, promoted to Sergt. Re-enlisted.
Cole, John H., promoted to Corporal. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Colby, Harvey M., deserted, captured and pardoned on re-enlistment.
Connel, Andrew M., wounded July 21, 1861. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Craig, George W., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Davis, Hazen, Jr., wounded July 3, 1863. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Davis, John, pro. Corp. Captured July 21, '61. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
Davis, Martin V. B., discharged Aug. 31, 1861.
Dearborn, Lewis H., wounded and discharged Sept. 26, 1862.
Dearborn, Frederick W., deserted Jan. 29, 1862.
Dresser, John C., pro. to Sergt. Deserted March 20, 1863.
Emerson, Thurlow A., deserted June 9, 1863.
Everett, Henry H., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Farley, Bernard J., discharged Dec. 23, 1861.
Fife, Henry C., discharged July 29, 1861.
Fitzgerald, William, wounded and discharged Feb. 19, 1863.
Fowler, Barnett E., deserted June 30, 1863.
French, Charles L., re-enlisted.
Hadley, George, promoted to Corporal. Deserted.
Hanson, George R., deserted Dec., 1862.
Hastings, Cornelius, mustered out June 21, 1864.
Horn, Stephen B., deserted July 5, 1861.
Holmes, Willard M., pro. to Sergeant. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Hill, Harvey, discharged Sept. 12, 1862.
Hudson, William, wounded July 2, 1863. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Kendall, William G., died Nov. 15, 1861.
Kelso, William C., mustered out June 21, 1864.

Kidder, Samuel A., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Lovering, Samuel G., discharged August 31, 1861.
Lord, James J., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Mason, John A., discharged July 10, 1861.
Martin, Daniel, captured July 21, 1861. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Meader, Hamilton A., promoted to Corp. Deserted Feb. 10, 1863.
Morse, Elijah, discharged May 22, 1862.
McGovern, Felix, w'n'd July 2, '63. Pro. Corp. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
McGlaulin, Charles, re-enlisted. Promoted to 1st Lieut.
Noyes, George, discharged July 10, 1861.
Nichols, Andrew, missing July 2, 1863.
Nichols, John, discharged July 10, 1861.
Nixon, George W., re-enlisted. Promoted to 1st Lieut.
Perry, George F., discharged on account of wounds Oct. 9, 1862.
Pickup, George, wounded July 2, 1863. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Plummer, Edwin, w'n'd July 2, '63. Pro. Corp. Mus. out June 21, '64.
Pratt, Charles A., deserted May 24, 1863.
Pike, Timothy H., discharged Sept 1, 1861.
Quimby, Jonathan C., discharged Oct. 31, 1861.
Quimby, James M., pro. to Sergeant. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Quimby, William H., killed July 21, 1861.
Randall, George W., discharged Aug. 31, 1861.
Rand, Charles J., discharged Aug. 31, 1861.
Reynolds, George M., discharged.
Relation, Lewis N., died of wounds received July 21, 1861.
Richards, John E., deserted Nov. 29, 1862, returned April 20, 1864.
Sargent, George H., pro. Sergt. W'd July 2, '63. Mus. out June 21, '64.
Sanborn, Alfred J., discharged July 29, 1861.
Sawyer, Joseph C., wounded and captured July 2, 1863.
Smith, William, discharged Sept. 1, 1861.
Smith, Alvin R., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Stark, John M., discharged July 3, 1863.
Stearns, John M., discharged.
Stevens, Horatio N., discharged July 29, 1861.
Sherburne, Laroy D., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Tabor, Charles L., wounded Aug. 29, 1862. Discharged Feb. 4, 1863.
Tilton, William H., discharged July 29, 1861.
Tuttle, George B., discharged March 17, 1864.
Tuttle, Marcus M., discharged Aug. 24, 1861.
Tucker, Franklin K., pro. Cor. W'd June 3, 1864. Mus. out June 21, '64.
Wetherbee, Franklin F., w'd July 21, 1861, and died in hands of enemy.
Weeks, William H., deserted Aug. 4, 1863.
Worcester, George, mustered out June 21, 1864.

COMPANY D.

SERGEANTS.

Jacob Hall, First Sergt. Pro. to First Lieut. Wounded May 16, 1864.
[Mus. out June 21, 1864.]
Henry Hayward, pro. to First Lieut. Killed June 2, 1864.
Moses Otis, discharged July 30, 1861.
Enoch F. Demerett, died Aug. 11, 1862.
Thomas Walker, discharged Aug. 1, 1861.

CORPORALS.

Wilson Gray, pro. to Sergt. Discharged Oct. 31, 1862.
Theron F. Varney, pro. to Sergt. Deserted May 25, 1863.
Edwin S. Tash, discharged July 30, 1861.
James M. Venner, discharged July 18, 1862.
Moses J. Colby, discharged July 30, 1861.
David O. Davis, discharged Sept. 21, 1862.
Luther W. Chadwick, discharged Aug. 17, 1861.
Daniel Sherburne, discharged Oct. 15, 1862.

MUSICIANS.

Charles G. Hill, discharged Aug. 28, 1861.
Charles E. Hale, discharged Aug. 28, 1861.

WAGONER.

James Thompson, re-enlisted.

PRIVATEs.

Abbott, Alexander L., discharged Sept. 21, 1862.
Adams, Enoch G., app. Capt. 2d U. S. Vols.
Ayers, Joseph F., discharged May 23, 1863.
Blake, James W., discharged Oct. 1, 1861.
Brennon, John W., deserted Aug. 9, 1861.
Burnham, Moses, deserted July 7, 1862.
Chadbourn, Moses W., deserted July 7, 1862, and returned.
Chase, John, mustered out June 21, 1864.
Clay, Bradley, died Oct. 6, 1861.
Corson, Monroe J., discharged April 22, 1862.
Coyle, Thomas C., discharged May 23, 1863.
Cross, Ezra P., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Currier, James H., discharged Aug. 1, 1861.
Davis, James, discharged May 23, 1863.
Deshon, Stephen M., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Downs, Calvin C., re-enlisted.
Drew, Dana L., mustered out June 21, 1864.

Drew, Martin V., discharged July 29, 1861.
Drew, Warren C., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Durgin, John H., pro. to Corporal. Mustered out Nov. 1, 1864.
Dyer, Albion, deserted May 25, 1863.
Emerson, Henry H., discharged June 30, 1862.
Foss, Samuel A., wounded July 2, 1863. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Foss, Solomon W., died Feb. 5, 1863.
Garland, Wingate, discharged Feb. 17, 1863.
Gerrish, Benjamin F., deserted May 25, 1863.
Goodwin, Ezra C., pro. to Sergt. Wounded July 2, 1863. Re-enlisted.
Grover, Charles A., re-enlisted.
Gravlin, Francis, deserted Oct. 11, 1863.
Hanscom, John H., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Hardison, John F., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Hayes, John O., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Head, Alvah K., pro. to Corporal. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Heath, Franklin W., re-enlisted.
Hunt, Israel T., discharged Sept. 2, 1861.
Jackson, Charles, re-enlisted.
Jenness, Henry O., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Jones, Charles E., pro. to Sergeant. Re-enlisted.
Jones, Christie L., discharged July 30, 1862.
Kane, Peter, discharged June 21, 1862.
Kidder, Alden F., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Leathers, Alphonso D., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Logan, Johnson C., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Lord, John F., missing July 2, 1863. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Lord, Oliver, re-enlisted.
Mahoney, Thomas J., discharged Feb. 11, 1863.
McCabe, John, mustered out June 21, 1864.
Merrill, Noah D., died of wounds Sept. 16, 1863.
Miller, Robert, pro. 2d Lieut. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Morrison, Andrew, discharged July 30, 1861.
Molloy, John, discharged April 21, 1862.
Molly, Peter, pro. Corp. Discharged May 23, 1863.
Osborne, John, killed Aug. 29, 1862.
Otis, John H., transferred to Vet. Reserve Corps.
Pendergast, George P., killed May 5, 1862.
Perkins, Charles C., deserted Aug. 24, 1863.
Pinkham, Andrew J., discharged Aug. 21, 1861.
Place, Charles H., deserted Dec. 19, 1862.
Porter, Festus, discharged Aug. 24, 1861.
Ramsey, Newton A., pro. to 1st Sergt. Mustered out June 21, 1864.

Randall, Horace, discharged Aug. 21, 1861.
 Roberts, Charles P., died of wounds Oct. 23, 1862.
 Roberts, Charles R., unaccounted for.
 Rogers, Stephen H., discharged Aug. 1, 1861.
 Sanborn, John H., discharged July 30, 1861.
 Saunders, Charles C., missing Aug. 29, 1862.
 Scruton, George H., deserted Dec. 9, 1862.
 Smith, Moses L. F., pro. to Sergt. Maj. Re-enlisted. Killed June 2, 1864.
 Stark, William G., re-enlisted. Promoted to Assistant Surgeon.
 Stearns, George H., pro. to Corp. Killed July 3, 1863.
 Stevens, Abram C., died May 1, 1862.
 Stevens, Benj. F., deserted May 25, 1863.
 Tibbetts, James H., pro. to Corp. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
 Talhour, Charles A., died Feb. 1, 1863.
 Tripp, William H., deserted May 25, 1863.
 Varney, John S., pro. Corp. W'd July 2, 1863. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
 Waldron, John F., discharged Oct. 31, 1861.
 Wallace, Sylvester B., discharged May 1, 1862.
 Walsh, Richard, discharged Feb. 11, 1863.
 Watson, Charles E., mustered out June 21, 1864.
 Welch, Benjamin F., deserted June 30, 1862.
 West, Henry, deserted May 25, 1863.
 Willey, Nathaniel, discharged March 26, 1863.

COMPANY E.

SERGEANTS.

Albert M. Perkins, First Sergeant. Pro. Capt. Lost arm at Gettysburg.
 [Mustered out June 21, 1864.]
 Isaac N. Vesper, Pro. First Lieut. Resigned May 6, 1863.
 Hiram F. Durgin, killed in action Aug. 29, 1862.
 Joseph Wolcott, disch. for disability March 18, 1863.
 Henry M. Gordon, mustered out June 21, 1864.

CORPORALS.

Arthur T. Leonard, discharged for disability Aug. 10, 1861.
 George A. Jones, pro. Sergt. Died of wounds July 2, 1862.
 Wm. H. Colcord, pro. First Lt. W'd at Cold Har. Must. out June, '64.
 James Thompson, re-enlisted.
 George A. Taylor, discharged for disability Aug. 2, 1861.
 Joseph C. Swett, discharged for disability Aug. 2, 1861.
 Nathan E. Kuse, pro. Sergt. Died of wounds Aug. 1, 1863.
 Orren Brock, re-enlisted.

MUSICIANS.

John H. Hale, discharged by order Aug. 30, 1862.

Clarence A. Brackett, transferred to Co. C July 20, 1861. Deserted.

WAGONER.

Philip C. Eastman, re-enlisted.

PRIVATES.

Alden, Frank W., re-enlisted.

Bacon, Josiah H., deserted near Fredericksburg, Va., Dec. 13, 1862.

Brooks, Woodbury, missing in action Feb., 1863.

Bruze, John H., missing in action July 1, 1862.

Bride, John W., mustered out June 21, 1864.

Baker, Jacob B., disch. for disability Aug. 2, 1861.

Bennett, John H., transferred to 4th U. S. Art'y Nov. 4, 1862.

Brown, George L., pro. to Corporal. Mustered out June 21, 1864.

Bean, William C., discharged for disability March 14, 1863.

Colcord, Charles E., discharged for disability Aug. 2, 1863.

Crane, Henry O., mustered out June 21, 1864.

Currier, Andrew J., w'd severely June 2, 1863. Must. out June 21, 1864.

Colbath, Levi W., mustered out June 21, 1864.

Chase, Howard J., unaccounted for.

Chase, Charles H., died of wounds received July 21, 1861.

Carlton, Wilton H., unaccounted for.

Canney, James M., unaccounted for.

Church, Freeman L., disch. for disability Aug. 5, 1861.

Chesley, Joseph M., killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Davis, Daniel T., discharged for disability Aug. 2, 1861.

Durgin Abner F., promoted to Quartermaster.

Dearborn, Calvin L., died in hospital Nov. 16, 1861.

Dudley, John F., pro. First Sergeant. Mustered out June 21, 1864.

Ellison, Frank, unaccounted for.

Everett, Aaron, discharged for disability Feb. 1, 1863.

Everett, Joseph, discharged for disability Aug. 2, 1861.

Emerson, John A., captured at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.

Elkins, Geo. S., died at Washington Dec. 2, 1862.

Flood, Charles A. W., deserted Dec. 26, 1862.

Flood, Samuel, disch. for disability March 15, 1862.

French, Geo. W., discharged for disability Aug. 30, 1861.

Gravlin, Peter, mustered out June 21, 1864.

Haley, William, died at Concord, N. H., March 4, 1863.

Heath, Simeon M., re-enlisted.

Haines, Isaiah T., pro. Corporal. Mustered out June 21, 1864.

Jones, John W., promoted to Sergt. Captured July 2, 1863.

Jones, Josiah, unaccounted for.
Knight, William T., discharged Aug. 29, 1861.
Long, Nicholas, pro. Corp. W'd June 3, 1864. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
Lavine, Edward, discharged Aug. 29, 1861.
Leavitt, Elbridge H., discharged Oct. 16, 1862.
Lamprey, John, pro. to Corp. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Lamprey, David, discharged Oct. 4, 1862.
Locke, Charles A., pro. to Sergt. Re-enlisted.
Muzzy, John B., missing in action, July 29, 1862.
Merserve, Joseph C., discharged Aug. 2, 1861.
Masters, Charles A., deserted Nov. 1, 1862.
Murphy, Dennis, re-enlisted.
Morrill, William H., unaccounted for.
Morse, Joseph D., discharged Aug. 2, 1861.
Morse, Joseph R., discharged Nov. 13, 1862.
Parker, Edwin T., wounded July 2, 1863. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Pike, David, pro. to Corporal. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Pervere, Orren, deserted May 24, 1863.
Quinn, William J., pro. Sergt. W'd July 2, 1863. Mus. out June 21, '64.
Rowell, Martin P., discharged Aug. 2, 1861.
Rowell, Abram M., re-enlisted.
Robertson, Harrison, discharged Aug. 2, 1861.
Robinson, William, w'd July 2, 1863. Pro. Sergt. Mus. out J'e 21, 1864.
Randlett, George H., deserted Oct. 2, 1862.
Robinson, John S., deserted Oct. 13, 1862.
Rogers, Daniel A., died Oct. 8, 1862.
Sullivan, John. Jr., discharged Sept. 30, 1861.
Smith, Charles H., discharged Aug. 16, 1861.
Smith, Horace O., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Smith, Daniel G., died of wounds, March 2, 1863.
Sorrill, Abram, discharged Aug. 2, 1861.
Stover, Alcot, missing in action Aug. 29, 1862.
Shaw, Henry M., deserted May 25, 1863.
Storey, William H. H., discharged May, 1863.
Storin, Michael, discharged on account of wounds May 15, 1863.
Thurston, John O., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Thyng, George H., re-enlisted.
Tetherly, John B., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Treferthen, Francis G., unaccounted for.
Tanner, Jeremiah, re-enlisted.
Wentworth, Jacob, discharged Aug. 2, 1861.
Willey, Horace J., mustered out Aug. 28, 1864.
Walker, Richard A., unaccounted for.

Whicher, John W., discharged Sept. 27, 1862.
Wood, Lewis, pro. to Corporal. Re-enlisted.
Weeks, George, discharged March 8, 1863.
Young, Alvin, re-enlisted.

COMPANY F.

SERGEANTS.

Welcome A. Crafts, First Sergeant, pro. to First Lieut. 5th N. H. V.
Freedom M. Rhodes, promoted to Captain, 14th N. H. V.
Hugh R. Richardson, pro. to Captain. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Charles W. Fletcher, discharged July 21, 1861.
Lovell W. Brackett, missing in action July 21, 1861.

CORPORALS.

William O. Lyford, discharged Sept. 4, 1861.
William H. Tucker, deserted Feb. 14, 1862.
Osco H. French, unaccounted for.
James S. Merrow, re-enlisted.
John Chandler, discharged March 15, 1863.
David Clark, deserted Oct. 4, 1862.
Richard O. Young, died June 29, 1862.
James H. Swain, promoted to 2d Lieut. Mustered out June 21, 1864.

MUSICIAN.

James A. Wiggin, discharged Nov. 1, 1862.

WAGONER.

Wentworth Goodwin, died March 27, 1864.

PRIVATEs.

Adler, Lorenzo D., pro. Sergt. Re-enlisted Jan. 1, 1864.
Alexander, William, discharged July 21, 1861.
Aldrich, George, deserted Oct. 4, 1862.
Ames, John G., pro. to Sergt. Cap. July 2, '63, died in hands of enemy.
Barney, John, enlisted in Regular Army, Dec. 6, 1862.
Buck, Charles, discharged on account of wounds, Jan. 21, 1862.
Burt, George, wounded July 2, 1863. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Benway, Joseph, enlisted in Regular Army Dec. 6, 1862.
Bean, Darius K., pro. Corp. W'd July 2, '63. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
Brown, Robert, discharged Feb. 9, 1863.
Bassett, Sylvester F., missing in action Aug. 29, 1862.
Bancroft, William E., pro. Sergt. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Bachelder, Hiram H., died March 4, 1863.

Baker, James H., pro. to 1st Lieut. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Bresenhen, James, mustered out June 21, 1864.
Corliss, Charles F., died July 27, 1861.
Corliss, Joseph G., died March 4, 1863.
Clement, John S., deserted June 27, 1863.
Chase, George S., discharged on account of wounds Sept. 5, 1861.
Chancy, George A., re-enlisted.
Clough, Samuel H., died Aug. 27, 1862.
Colbath, Uriah S., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Clark, David J., pro. to Sergt. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Cook, Mark F., enlisted in Reg. Army, Oct. 31, 1862.
Cloutman, James A., deserted July 3, 1861.
Dame, Oliver M., re-enlisted. Pro. to Commissary Sergeant.
Dow, George E., discharged July 4, 1862.
Dore, Charles H., w'd July 2, '63. Pro. Corp. Disch'd June 1, 1864.
Eastman, Charles H., pro. to 1st Sergt. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Flint, Henry A., pro. to 1st Sergt. Re-enlisted.
Folletts, Francis A., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Folsom, Peaslee H., discharged Jan. 1, 1862.
Foye, James H., discharged July 31, 1861.
Gaines, Edgar, enlisted in Regular Army Dec. 6, 1862.
Goldsmith, William H., pro. to Corporal. Re-enlisted.
Henderson, John, died of wounds received July 2, 1863.
Hilliard, Henry S., pro. to 2d Lieut. 5th N. H. V.
Hagan, James, pro. to Corporal. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Harriman, Allen O., re-enlisted.
Johnson, Bernard, mustered out June 21, 1864.
Jewett, Charles E., killed Aug. 29, 1862.
Jones, Jonathan, discharged March 15, 1863.
Kenney, Thomas, missing in action July 2, 1863.
Leach, John H., discharged Aug. 21, 1861.
Labornty, William A., died of wounds at Alexandria, Va.
Morgan, George, mustered out June 21, 1864.
Mayhew, James, re-enlisted.
Merrill, Cyrus W., missing in action July 21, 1861.
Merrill, Simon, wounded July 2, 1863. Discharged June 1, 1864.
McCaffrey, Patrick, died July 8, 1862.
Moody, Ammon, discharged Aug. 12, 1863.
Murry, William F., hung for murder Aug. 2, 1861.
Mead, James M., discharged Oct. 23, 1861.
Nutter, Charles F., enlisted in Regular Army Dec. 6, 1862.
Ordway, John, discharged March 15, 1863.
Plummer, John A., deserted Aug. 25, 1862.

Piper, William H., pro. to Corp. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Paul, Frank, re-enlisted.
Peterson, Calvin B., deserted June 27, 1863.
Parrish, William E., discharged July 31, 1861.
Robinson, George, discharged Oct. 23, 1861.
Rollins, Solomon, deserted July 3, 1861.
Rollins, Isaac C., died June 16, 1862.
Staples, William H. F., wounded July 2, '63. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
Severance, Thomas J., died of wounds received July 2, 1863.
Stevens, Clark, mustered out June 21, 1864.
Sargent, Albert M., deserted Feb., 1863.
Smith, Herman, pro. to Corp. Died of wounds June 7, 1862.
Sanborn, Benjamin, deserted June 27, 1863.
Saunders, Edmund, discharged Feb. 17, 1863.
Stillings, James G., deserted June 27, 1863.
Saunders, John O., discharged Oct. 2, 1862.
Thurston, Ichabod H., discharged June 20, 1863.
Tibbetts, Stephen R., discharged Aug. 21, 1863.
Vittum, George S., died of wounds received July 2, 1863.
Witham, Levi, pro. to Corp. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Wallace, Ira M., wounded Aug. 29, 1862. Discharged Oct. 13, 1862.
Wiser, John R., discharged Oct. 23, 1861.
Willis, Charles H., trans. to Inv. Corps Sept. 1, 1863.
Wiggin, James M., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Wilkinson, Joseph H., pro. to 2d Lieut. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
Willey, Orrin, deserted July 17, 1861.

COMPANY G.

SERGEANTS.

David Steele, First Sergeant. Pro. to Capt. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
Hiram K. Ladd, pro. to 1st Lieut. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Thomas E. Marshall, pro. to 1st Sergt. Re-enlisted.
Orrin S. Leighton, unaccounted for.
Frank A. Fletcher, wounded July 2, 1863. Mus. out June 21, 1864.

CORPORALS.

Enoch F. Jackman, w'd July 2, 1863. Pro. 1st Lt. 1st U. S. Col'd Tr'ps.
Elmer J. Starkey, discharged Jan. 19, 1863.
William G. Wolcott, discharged Feb. 16, 1863.
Edmund Dascomb, pro. 2d Lieut. Died of wounds July 13, 1863.
John A. Hartshorn, killed May 5, 1862.
Merrill N. Hunt, died Aug. 29, 1862.

John Reagan, mustered out June 21, 1864.

Charles F. Noyes, wounded July 2, 1863, and transferred to Inv. Corps.

MUSICIAN.

Orlando W. Garvin, re-enlisted.

WAGONER.

David M. Hibbard, discharged May 28, 1863.

PRIVATE.

Ames, Alpha E., discharged Aug. 17, 1861.

Aldrich, Daniel J., discharged.

Barrett, Charles A., deserted June 25, 1863.

Baxter, Albert F., mustered out June 21, 1864.

Bragg, Charles H., pro. to Corp. Mustered out June 21, 1864.

Buck, Simon C., deserted Nov. 29, 1862.

Barley, Alonzo B., died in hands of enemy Sept. 12, 1861.

Bean, Burnis R., unaccounted for.

Bowman, Henry E., discharged on acc. of wounds, Nov. 1, 1861.

Beard, Samuel J., discharged Dec. 9, 1862.

Bourne, John, mustered out June 21, 1864.

Bolio, Joseph, mustered out June 21, 1864.

Bagley, Isaiah, deserted April 4, 1864.

Collister, Charles O., killed Aug. 29, 1862.

Coburne, George C., mustered out June 21, 1864.

Currier, George W., discharged Jan. 24, 1862.

Carson, Jacob W., pro. to Sergt. Re-enlisted.

Coffin, William D., killed Aug. 29, 1862.

Duncklee, Sylvester C., w'd July 2, 1863. Mus. out June 21, 1864.

Dillon, Michael A., discharged Oct. 18, 1863.

Duffey, Nicholas, captured July 2, 1863.

Darling, James A., mustered out June 21, 1864.

Dix, Charles H., discharged Dec. 3, 1861.

Driver, Francis, w'd July 2, 1863. Mus. out June 21, 1864.

Felt, George D., died Nov. 6, 1862.

Farnsworth, Albert J., pro. to Sergt. Mus. out June 21, 1864.

Foster, Charles E., re-enlisted.

Forbush, Abbott A., mustered out June 21, 1864.

Fox, John M., mustered out June 21, 1864.

Furnald, William H., pro. to Corporal. Mus. out June 21, 1864.

Gould, Gilman T., pro. to Sergt. Re-enlisted.

Gould, Daniel W., discharged.

Goulding, Charles H., discharged Aug. 7, 1861.

Glazier, Van Buren, unaccounted for.

Green, Daniel H., pro. to Corporal. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
Hutchinson, Timothy H., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Hutchinson, James W., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Hannaford, Alonzo M., pro. Sergt. W'd July 2, '63. Mus. out J'e 21, '64.
Hall, Newman, died Dec. 11, 1862.
Heard, Nelson, died June 3, 1863.
Holt, Charles F., discharged Oct. 31, 1862.
Hix, Curtis, wn'd July 2, 1863. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Hall, Marvin J., died of wounds Sept. 16, 1862.
Hibbard, Joel E., discharged July 16, 1861.
Hagan, John, mustered out June 21, 1864.
Houle, John B., pro. to Corp. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Haynes, A. C., re-enlisted.
Hines, John D., w'd July 2, 1863. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Hutchinson, Albert S., killed Aug. 29, 1862.
Hoagg, George M., pro. Corp. W'd July 2, '63. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
Jones, Henry L., died Nov. 14, 1861.
Joslin, Levi J., pro. to Corp. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Kenney, John, mustered out June 21, 1864.
Lawrence, Charles E., re-enlisted.
Lyle, Alexander, killed May 5, 1862.
Mellen, James L., died June 19, 1863.
Moore, John J., pro. to Corporal. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
McRobie, Alexander, killed July 2, 1863.
Nutting, Augustus G., discharged Dec. 3, 1861.
Noyes, Frank F., wounded July 2, 1863. Discharged Dec. 27, 1863.
Pingree, George R., discharged Aug. 9, 1862.
Pinkham, Charles B., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Pettingill, William, discharged Jan. 19, 1863.
Place, George, discharged May 22, 1862.
Peaslee, Charles E., killed May 5, 1862.
Peabody, Daniel A., discharged July 16, 1861.
Quimby, Jonas T., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Richard, Levi, re-enlisted.
Russell, Frederick, re-enlisted.
Shaw, Lyman, discharged.
Shedd, Herman, killed June 25, 1862.
Saunders, James E., pro. to Sergt. Major. Re-enlisted.
Smith, Arthur P., discharged Aug. 7, 1861.
Sawtelle, William W., died Oct. 26, 1861.
Titus, Henry, discharged Sept. 22, 1861.
Twiss, John, died July 2, 1861.
Vose, John M., mustered out June 21, 1864.

Wellman, James M., discharged Jan. 30, 1863.
Wright, Edward, discharged Oct. 31, 1862.
Whitney, George G., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Wilson, Stephen D., discharged Aug. 3, 1861.
Winn, Harvey H., killed Aug. 29, 1862.
Weller, William W., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Walcott, John S., discharged Aug. 3, 1861.

COMPANY H.

SERGEANTS.

John F. Holman, First Sergt. Pro. Capt. Seve'ly wounded at Second
[Bull Run. Trans. to Inv. Corps.
Charles Messer, discharged for disability Oct. 1, 1861.
Albert A. Emerson, discharged for disability Oct. 1, 1861.
Joseph K. Pearl, discharged for disability Oct 1, 1861.
Andrew G. Bracy, pro. First Lieut. Must. out June 21, 1864.

CORPORALS.

Oscar C. Allen, died disease Oct. 18, 1862.
William Montgomery, w'ded sev. July 2, 1863. Pro. Sec. Lt. Mus. out
George F. Goodwin, discharged for disability Oct. 1, '61. [June 21, 1864.
James B. Silver, dis. for disability Nov. 19, 1863.
Geo. B. Tenney, mustered out June 21, 1864.
James B. Reed, pro. Sergt. Wd. sev. at Gettysburg. Dis. by order Dec.
James W. Clark, commis'd 18th Maine Vols. Aug. 20, 1862. [8, 1863.
Selden T. Chandler, enlisted in 4th U. S. Arty. Nov. 1, 1862.

MUSICIAN.

Eleazer D. Noyes, died of wounds May 5, 1862.

WAGONER.

Lorenzo D. Allard, discharged for disability.

PRIVATES.

Allen, Heman, pro. Corporal. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Allen, Edward S., missing at Gettysburg. Died at Columbus, Ga.
Andrew, James H., pro. Sergt. Re-enlisted.
Barber, Lewis G., deserted July 21, 1861.
Beatry, Thomas, deserted from hosp., Philadelphia, Penn., Aug. 7, 1863.
Burke, Henry, enlisted in 4th U. S. Arty. Dec. 6, 1862.
Bowman, Henry, deserted Oct. 12, 1862.
Buntin, John B., missing at Bull Run, Aug. 29, 1862.
Conner, William H., died in hands of the enemy.
Coffin, William H., discharged Jan. 27, 1863.
Collins, Proctor, mustered out June 21, 1864.

- Chase Alonzo, dis. for disability April 27, 1864.
Chase, George L., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Corbit, Andrew, deserted at Concord May 5, 1863.
Currier, George D., discharged for disability Aug. 6, 1861.
Came, Virgil M., discharged for disability March 24, 1863.
Clement, Wyman R., died of disease Aug. 1, 1861.
Downing, Joshua, discharged for disability Aug. 1, 1861.
Davis Ziba L., enlisted in 4th U. S. Art. Dec. 6, 1862.
Eastman, Frank A., killed at Bull Run July 21, 1861.
Elliott, John A., deserted at Washington, D. C., June 10, 1863.
Farmer, Lucius, deserted July 2, 1861.
Flanders, Henry J., pro. Corp. Disch. for disability Sept. 29, 1862.
Foster, William H., died of disease April 11, 1864.
Francis, Daniel S., wd. sev. July 2, 1863. Must. out June 21, 1864.
Finnigan, Thomas, pro. Sergt. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
Friend, Franklin, mustered out June 21, 1864.
Farrington, George H., died of disease July 14, 1861.
Goodwin, John H., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Grout, Galen H., discharged July 21, 1862.
Goodrich, William H., disch. for disability Aug. 1, 1861.
Hambleton, Albert, discharged May 20, 1863.
Hanson, Harlow P., deserted Sept. 3, 1862.
Hanson, Albert J., pro. Ser. Wd. severely at Gettysburg. Re-enlisted.
Haley, Michael C., pro. Corp. Deserted at Concord May 5, 1863.
Hill, Clarence M., re-enlisted.
Hoyt, Hugh, disch. for disability Sept. 21, 1861.
Hobbs, John F., deserted at Fair Oaks, June 27, 1862.
Harvey, Abner F., died Feb. 13, 1863.
Hannaford, Abial A., re-enlisted.
Hanlon, Michael, unaccounted for.
Hoyt, James J., discharged Aug. 15, 1861.
Joy, Samuel M., discharged June 23, 1863.
Kearns, Patrick, killed July 21, 1861.
Looby, Hugh, unaccounted for.
Langtus, George, died in hands of enemy.
Lord, John W., pro. to 2d Lieut. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Lord, Woodbury, died Feb. 20, 1863.
Lord, Albion, died in hands of the enemy.
Manahan, John, deserted Sept. 3, 1862.
Mott, Perkins F., discharged Aug. 15, 1861.
Mullen, Michael, discharged Feb. 24, 1863.
Nash, Philip E., deserted Sept. 5, 1862.
Orr, Julius, pro. to Corporal. Re-enlisted.

Page, Horace, discharged Oct. 23, 1861.
Parker, Eugene A., enlisted in 4th U. S. Artillery, Dec. 6, 1862.
Parrish, Lyman F., died Feb. 20, 1863.
Patrick, Henry W., unaccounted for.
Philbrick, William R., wounded July 2, 1863. Re-enlisted.
Poor, Samuel, pro. to Corp. Taken prisoner July 2, 1863.
Putnam, Charles E., killed May 5, 1862.
Ricker, David L., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Richardson, James, pro. to Sergt. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Roy, Henry F., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Sawyer, Adoniram J., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Saxton, William, deserted May 6, 1863.
Saxton, Timothy, discharged June 19, 1863.
Smith, Charles H., died Oct. 27, 1864.
Smith, Erastus, discharged for disability.
Straw, Andrew J., died in hands of enemy.
Straw, John, discharged Feb. 1, 1863.
Straw, George H., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Swett, Nathaniel F., pro. Sergt. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
Symonds, John G., discharged Dec. 10, 1861.
Tallen, Joseph, deserted Sept. 28, 1862.
Tibbetts, Henry, discharged April 22, 1862.
Wiggin, James M., discharged Nov. 27, 1862.
Wilkinson, James, discharged July 29, 1862.
Williams, George W., re-enlisted.
Walker, William H., discharged July 21, 1862.
Wright, Nelson, deserted Oct. 12, 1862.
Wetherbee, Charles W., discharged Aug. 1, 1861.

COMPANY I.

SERGEANTS.

Homer M. Crafts, First Sergt. Discharged May 28, 1862.
David M. Perkins, promoted to 2d Lieut. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
Rodney A. Manning, enlisted in 2d U. S. Cav., Oct. 27, 1862.
Oscar A. Mooar, pro. to 1st Lt. Died July 31, 1863.
Thorndike P. Heath, discharged Sept. 20, 1862.

CORPORALS.

William H. Griffin, discharged July 29, 1863.
Hazen B. Martin, discharged June 18, 1863.
Perkins C. Lane, enlisted in 2d U. S. Cav., Oct. 22, 1862.
Stephen H. Palmer, died of wounds received July 2, 1863.

Charles Vickery, pro. to 2d Lieut. Died of w'ds rec'd July 2, 1863.

Charles H. Smiley, killed Aug. 29, 1862.

Stephen J. Smiley, pro. to Principal Musician. Mus. out June 21, 1864.

Frank C. Wasley, pro. 1st Lieut. Mustered out June 21, 1864.

MUSICIANS.

Samuel T. Newell, enlisted in 2d U. S. Cavalry Oct. 27, 1862.

Daniel W. Newell, pro. to Prin. Mus. Discharged Jan. 22, 1863.

WAGONER.

Daniel Mix, deserted while on furlough.

PRIVATE.

Appleton, William H., pro. to Corp. Discharged July 30, 1863.

Aldrich, Lyman M., wounded July 2, 1863. Mus. out June 21, 1864.

Adams, Benjamin W., deserted and arrested.

Allison, Samuel, mustered out June 21, 1864.

Burns, Michael, deserted July 30, 1861.

Burns, James G., discharged Nov. 5, 1862.

Boutelle, Frank M., discharged May 29, 1863.

Biglin, Nicholas M., enlisted in 2d U. S. Cavalry, Oct. 27, 1862.

Brown, John, killed June 25, 1862.

Barry, John H., discharged June 2, 1862.

Chandler, James O., pro. to Corp. Discharged May 23, 1863.

Carr, James R., discharged June 13, 1862.

Clay, George W., died April 2, 1864.

Calley, John S., died April 11, 1864.

Corliss, Leonard B., enlisted in 2d U. S. Cav. Oct. 27, 1862.

Conner, Joseph B., discharged on acc. of wounds Jan. 21, 1862.

County, Dennis, discharged, date unknown.

Cilley, George W., pro. to Corp. Mus. out June 21, 1864.

Collins, Edward W., discharged Aug. 16, 1861.

Converse, Granville, mustered out June 21, 1864.

Dewey, Jesse E., pro to Sergt. Mus. out June 21, 1864.

Damon, George B., deserted Jan. 24, 1863.

Dickey, Lyman A., pro. to Sergt. Mus. out June 21, 1864.

Davis, James M., deserted Aug. 2, 1861.

Dunn, James P., deserted Sept. 21, 1861.

Desmond, Daniel, mustered out June 21, 1864.

Davis, John W., taken prisoner July 2, 1863. Mus. out June 21, 1864.

Eastman, Moses L., discharged Jan. 2, 1862.

Farrow, Sidney A., mustered out June 21, 1864.

Ford, Byron K., died Oct. 29, 1861.

Gardner, Orrin S., deserted May 24, 1863.

Gleason, Joseph H., pro. to Corp. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
Gunnison, Norman E., discharged Feb. 7, 1863.
Hazewell, Eugene G., enlisted in 2d U. S. Cavalry Oct. 27, 1862.
Haynes, Martin A., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Hardy, Charles T., enlisted in 2d U. S. Cavalry Oct. 29, 1862.
Hubbard, Luther P., mustered out June 21, 1864.
House, James M., w'd July 2, 1863. Pro. 1st S'gt. Mus. out J'e 21, 1864.
Hunkins, Moses A., discharged Aug. 8, 1861.
Hall, Edward, enlisted in 2d U. S. Cavalry Oct. 27, 1862.
Hall, Albert L., discharged June 2, 1863.
Howard, Charles F., died of wounds received July 2, 1863.
Holt, Harry, killed July 21, 1861.
Johnson, George H., discharged.
Kenaston, Edgar D., died March 4, 1862.
Lawrence, George F., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Laroy, Joseph, enlisted in 2d U. S. Cav. Oct. 27, 1862.
Minor, Michael C., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Merrill, Jonathan, w'd July 2, 1863. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Morse, Henry L., killed July 21, 1861.
Morgrage, William O., killed Aug. 29, 1862.
Ogden, John E., pro. to Sergt. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Oliver, Samuel H., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Parrott, Charles F., killed July 2, 1863.
Pillsbury, Henry M., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Porter, Solon F., died March 14, 1862.
Pendleton, William H., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Robinson, Albert B., pro. to Corp. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Roberts, Orsino, missing July 2, 1863. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Roundsville, Charles W., pro. to Corporal. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
Reed, Jonathan P., discharged Dec. 23, 1862.
Rainbosh, William S., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Ramsdell, William H., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Rahn, William J., pro. to Com. Sergt. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Sleeper, Levi H., Jr., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Sholes, Albert E., pro. to Corporal. Re-enlisted.
Swain, Josiah S., pro. to Corp. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Simmons, Albion R., w'd Aug. 29, 1862. Discharged Nov. 20, 1862.
Slade, George H., died Oct 2, 1863.
Storey, Albert, discharged Aug. 16, 1861.
Taft, John, discharged, date unknown.
Thompson, Willard P., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Tyler, George E., died March 3, 1863.
Vosburg, Charles N., unaccounted for.

Wood, William W., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Wright, Charles B., mustered out Aug. 23, 1864.
Whitefield, Smith A., discharged Sept. 12, 1862.
Wells, Albert A., discharged Aug. 8, 1861.
Wilkins, William W., discharged Sept. 30, 1861.
Woods, Alba, pro. to Sergt. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
Woods, Lyndon B., w'd July 2, 1863. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Waldrick, Lyman, mustered out June 21, 1864.

COMPANY K.

SERGEANTS.

Andrew J. Sides, First Sergeant. Discharged Aug. 1, 1861.
George E. Sides, pro. to Captain. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Charles W. Patch, pro. 2d Lieut. Died of wounds July 10, 1863.
Oliver F. Maxwell, discharged Aug. 1, 1861.

CORPORALS.

George R. Raitt, discharged July 9, 1863.
Bickford L. Rand, Jr., discharged Aug. 1, 1861.
Christopher J. Marshall, missing July 21, 1861.
William W. Shaw, pro. to Sergt. Discharged July 9, 1863.
James Ricker, pro. to Sergt. Died of wounds Sept. 21, 1862.
Daniel D. Wendall, discharged Aug. 1, 1861.
Rufus L. Bean, pro. to 2d Lieut. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Charles E. Gleason, pro. to Sergt. Mustered out June 21, 1864.

MUSICIAN.

James W. Taylor, re-enlisted.

WAGONER.

Benjamin J. Lake, discharged May 22, 1862.

PRIVATES.

Alton, George A., w'd July 2, '63. Pro. Corp. Mus. out J'e 21, 1864.
Adams, Samuel, missing in action July 21, 1861.
Allen, Charles N., discharged Oct. 1, 1863.
Avery, John, deserted July 15, 1861.
Allen, Oliver N., discharged May 22, 1862.
Bell, John W., discharged May 22, 1862.
Bell, Allen P., died May 6, 1862.
Blye, Van Buren G., re-enlisted.
Brockway, John R., unaccounted for.
Boyle, Hugh, deserted July 24, 1861.

Blaisdell, Lewis E., missing in action July 21, 1861.
Chase, James H., enlisted in Regular Army.
Danielson, Nathaniel M., deserted Jan. 15, 1864, and returned.
Doe, Joseph A., discharged.
Dearborn, John F., pro. Sergt. Mus. out June 21, 1864.
Downs, Charles W., unaccounted for.
Dearborn, Horace L., deserted Aug. 12, 1862.
Dame, Joseph, discharged Dec. 24, 1862.
Fifield, Francis A., deserted July 24, 1861.
Goodwin, William H., discharged May 21, 1863.
Gordon, Joseph E., discharged May 22, 1862.
Gray, Clarence S., discharged Aug. 1, 1861.
Gammon, James T., pro. to Corp. Missing July 2, '63. Re-enlisted.
Gannon, Thomas, mustered out June 21, 1864.
Huntress, Charles E., died Sept. 30, 1862.
Hill, Jacob H., deserted Dec. 1, 1862.
Hill, George E., discharged July 15, 1861.
Hodgdon, Harlow P., discharged Aug. 1, 1861.
Harvey, John, discharged April 21, 1862.
Haines, John, discharged Aug. 7, 1861.
Holbrook, Charles W., discharged Dec. 12, 1861.
Johnson, George C., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Janvrin, Joseph E., pro. Asst. Surgeon 15th N. H. V.
Kenniston, William H., died Aug. 3, 1861.
King, William S., pro. to Sergt. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Lear, Nathaniel M., discharged Aug. 1, 1861.
Lever, Robert, discharged May 22, 1862.
Leslie, Edwin A., discharged Aug. 1, 1861.
Long, Michael E., pro. to Corp. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Locke, James E., pro. to 1st Sergt. Re-enlisted.
Lawson, William H., discharged Dec. 9, 1863.
Lowd, Sedley A., mustered out June 21, 1864.
Manson, Alvah, pro. to Corp. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Morrow, Albert, pro. Corp. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Mix, William H., pro. Corp. Disch. by order Sec. of War, Dec. 22, 1863.
Murphy, Jeremiah, deserted Aug. 25, 1862. Returned March 31, 1863.
McIntire, William C., Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Mahoney, Jeremiah, deserted Aug. 31, 1862. Arrested Feb. 12, 1864.
McDonald, John S., pro. Second Lieut. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
McGraw, Morris F., honorably discharged May 22, 1862.
Moulton, Joseph, pro. Sergt. Mustered out June 21, 1864.
Marr, John, missing at Bull Run Aug. 29, 1862.
Neligan, Daniel, wounded severely and missing at Gettysburg.

Norton, Henry C., discharged for disability.
Oxford, William F., died at Richmond Aug. 5, 1861.
Pollock, John, deserted July 24, 1861.
Plaisted, Charles E., re-enlisted. Pro. to Adjutant.
Palmer, Nathaniel F., died at Harrison's Landing Aug. 9, 1862.
Rodgers, Joseph W., unaccounted for.
Reynolds, Samuel E., deserted May 21, 1863.
Rutlege, James, mustered out June 21, 1864.
Riley, John, unaccounted for.
Roberts, George W., pro. to 1st Lt. Killed July 2, 1862.
Ridge, Charles, missing in action July 21, 1861.
Sawyer, George, Jr., missing in action July 21, 1861.
Smith, Daniel F., discharged Aug. 1, 1861.
Seavey, James E., drowned at Aquia Creek, Va., Aug. 23, 1862.
Smith, Horace M., pro. to Corp. Discharged on acc. of wounds.
Spinney, William, discharged June 30, 1861.
Sides, Robert C., Jr., pro. to Corporal. Re-enlisted.
Seaver, Thomas B., discharged March 15, 1862.
Steward, Alexander, enlisted in Regular Army.
Sheppard, Joseph P., enlisted in Regular Army.
Teague, Freeman B., deserted June 5, 1862.
Twilight, William H., discharged Aug. 1, 1861.
Taylor, Samuel, discharged Aug. 1, 1861.
Tenney, William H., discharged Oct. 8, 1862.
Trickey, George W., discharged July 15, 1861.
Walker, Henry, killed Aug. 29, 1862.
Warren, Charles H., unaccounted for.
West, Joseph D., missing in action, July 2, 1863.
Willard, Andrew J., died at Harrison's Landing, Aug. 9, 1862.

RECRUITS.

Adams, Orren S., discharged May 30, 1863.
Adams, John, mustered out Sept. 2, 1864.
Austin, Charles F., wounded June 9, 1864. Mustered out Sept. 14, 1864.
Allen, Harlan P., deserted Aug. 4, 1862.
Allen, Charles P., discharged Sept. 28, 1862.
Allen, Charles H., pro. to Corp. Mustered out Sept. 12, 1864.
Ashton, Benjamin F., discharged May 22, 1862.
Aldrich, Gilman, wounded at Williamsburg, May 5, 1862.
Austin, Alonzo F.
Ayer, George W.
Adams, Nathaniel W., wounded June 3, 1864. Must. out Sept. 12, 1864.
Alson, Robert, wounded June 3, 1864.
Allen, Clark, wounded July 5, 1864.
Ames, Theophilus.
Allen, George L.
Adams, Thomas, deserted at Yorktown, Va., April 9, 1864.
Alexander, Julius, deserted at Yorktown, Va., April 9, 1864.
Anderson, Henry, deserted Jan. 5, 1864.
Alfarst, Hiltz, transferred to Navy April 29, 1864.
Anderson, James, Transferred to Navy April 28, 1864.
Barber, John H., deserted June 21, 1864.
Burcham, Joseph., discharged for disability.
Black, Orrin, Jr., deserted March 15, 1863.
Blaisdell, George, deserted at Bladensburg, Md., Oct. 8, 1861.
Billings, Marcus P., deserted Dec. 16, 1862.
Brackett, Charles A., deserted July 25, 1862.
Breede, Frank T., re-enlisted.
Barrett, C. F., missing at Gettysburg.

Blye, Elbridge G., re-enlisted.
Black, Silas L., died Dec. 20, 1861.
Burnham, Joseph, discharged for disability.
Bowen, Amasa W., discharged May 23, 1863.
Burpey, Merrick M., re-enlisted.
Batchelder, John, discharged.
Bridge, Sterry W., mustered out Sept 14, 1864.
Bignall, Thomas W., pro. Corp. Killed at Gettysburg.
Buckminster, Arthur E., re-enlisted.
Barrows, Levi P., died of wounds June 15, 1864.
Brown, Jerome H., died June 19, 1862.
Boutell, Equality W., discharged March 29, 1863.
Berry, George.
Bowers, Charles W., discharged by S. O. No. 135, W. D., April 2, 1862.
Bolio, Edward, died of wounds received June 3, 1864.
Batchelder, Sewall D., discharged May 16, 1863.
Bean, Caleb G.
Brown, Harry F., died March 5, 1863.
Bean, Beniah J., wounded July 5, 1863.
Bonner, Wm. H., deserted June 2, 1864.
Bassett, Charles, re-enlisted.
Burley, Josiah, discharged Nov. 8, 1861.
Burnham, Charles A., pro. Asst. Surgeon Third N. H. V.
Billings, Warren, discharged Aug 2, 1861.
Bean, Joseph, died of wounds received June 2, 1862.
Brown, George, died of wounds received June 3, 1864.
Bullen, John, pro. to Hospital Steward.
Brown, David, wounded May 16, 1864.
Biggs, William, died Nov. 4, 1864.
Barry, John, died of wounds received May 16, 1864.
Blumm, Falsh, wounded June 3, 1864.
Brown, George, died of wounds June 21, 1864.
Benton, Henry, wounded Aug. 20, 1864.
Branke, Henry, wounded June 5, 1864.
Boodrow, Frank, died Oct. 8, 1864.
Brady, Michael, wounded May 8, 1864.
Burnett, William, transferred to Navy April 29, 1864.
Brown, John, transferred to Navy April 28, 1864.
Baker, Augustus, transferred to U. S. Navy, April 29, 1864.
Broad, William, transferred to Navy, April 29, 1864.
Cole, M. S., deserted at Concord, N. H., May 24, 1863.
Carter, Charles, transferred to Navy April 29, 1864.
Crosby, John, transferred to Navy April 29, 1864.

Cornell, William, died of disease at New York, Oct. 24, 1864.
 Callaver, Andrew, transferred to Navy April 27, 1864.
 Clement, George F., killed at Gettysburg.
 Cushing, John, re-enlisted.
 Cruden, Henry, died Feb. 26, 1864.
 Cutler, Frederick P., discharged March 26, 1863.
 Corey, Amos L., discharged Feb. 2, 1863.
 Colegan, Abel W., mustered out Sept. 14, 1864.
 Calkins, William, mustered out Sept. 14, 1864.
 Calkins, Lorenzo, mustered out Sept. 15, 1864.
 Cook, Herbert E., re-enlisted.
 Cleary, Cornelius, died of wounds received July 2, 1863.
 Carroll, Philip S., discharged May 20, 1863.
 Cutler, Hiram, discharged on account of wounds Dec. 14, 1862.
 Crawford, Thomas, discharged Sept. 30, 1862.
 Carpenter, Ebenezer, died Feb. 4, 1864.
 Chamberlain, George C., discharged Sept 20, 1862.
 Cole, Uriah W., killed May 5, 1862.
 Carr, Brackett L., died of wounds received July 2, 1863.
 Chase, Charles M., wounded May 8, 1864. Pro. to Capt. Col'd Troops.
 Chase, Algernon F., died Aug. 28, 1862.
 Chickering, Edwin, discharged May 5, 1863.
 Cross, James M., discharged May 23, 1863.
 Chickering, Frank, wounded June 3, 1864.
 Craig, Allen A., discharged May 30, 1863.
 Clark, George W., discharged Sept. 22, 1863.
 Clifton, Henry F., mustered out Aug. 24, 1864.
 Carr, Thomas T., wounded July 2, 1863. Mus. out Sept. 16, 1864.
 Chapman, T. O., discharged May 29, 1863.
 Copeland, David B., wounded June 3, 1864.
 Crowley, Timothy, wounded May 1, 1864.
 Colligan, Michael, wounded June 3, 1863.
 Cruden, George, died Feb. 22, 1864.
 Cavanaugh, Arthur, wounded June 3, 1864.
 Corcoran, Michael, wounded June 3, 1864.
 Collins, Thomas, wounded June 3, 1864.
 Clark, Frank, wounded June 30, 1864.
 Coleman, George H., discharged July 27, 1864.
 Drummer, William C., wounded and missing July 2, 1863.
 Dean, John, discharged March 17, 1863.
 Davis, Martin V. B., discharged July 17, 1863.
 Davis, Amos, discharged May 1, 1862.
 Davis, Harrison L., mustered out Sept. 20, 1864.

Dunlap, Whitney, discharged July 9, 1863.
Danforth, Johnson N., died of wounds Oct. 4, 1862.
Douglas, Ira G., discharged July 12, 1862.
Danforth, John, wounded and missing July 2, 1863.
Daniels, John S., wounded June 3, 1864.
Deets, George C. N., discharged March 2, 1863.
Dillon, William, wounded and missing July 2, 1863.
Ducham, Moses, wounded June 3, 1864.
Durand, Adolphe, wounded May 14, 1864.
Drapeau, Michael, died of wounds received June 3, 1864.
Daley, Peter, died of wounds received May 16, 1864.
Davis, Sidney, wounded Aug. 25, 1864.
Dirval, William, died July 7, 1864.
Daley, Louis, missing Oct. 28, 1864.
Doolittle, Edgard, deserted Sept. 30, 1861.
Davis, Orris F., deserted at Concord, May 25, 1863.
Day, Morrill C., deserted March 31, 1862.
Decker, Isaac, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Duncan, Peter, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Dunn, John, deserted. Arrested April 12, 1864.
Denick, Frank, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Emerson, William A., deserted at Washington, June 27, 1863.
Erickson, John, transferred to U. S. Navy April 28, 1864.
Eastman, William, discharged Sept. 20, 1862.
Ellis, David C., deserted and returned.
Everton, John W., discharged July 18, 1863.
Egin, John, executed for desertion at Yorktown, Va., April 15, 1864.
Ensemof, Alexander, died Aug. 31, 1864.
Elliott, Charles, died of wounds received June 3, 1864.
Edgerly, James E., killed Aug. 29, 1862.
Fisk, John I., missing July 2, 1863.
Fifield, Simon P., re-enlisted.
Fisher, Sumner P., wounded June 3, 1864. Mustered out Sept. 7, 1864.
Felt, James W., pro. to Corp. Re-enlisted.
Fassett, Luther W., killed by rebel guerilla, April 2, 1862.
Freeman, Nathaniel, wounded June 3, 1864. Must. out 1864.
Fassett, Joel E., disch. Oct. 16, 1864.
Forrest, Edward W., re-enlisted.
Fulsom, Asa, dis. on account of wounds, March 14, 1863.
Fairfield, Freeman W., wounded June 3, 1864. Must out Aug. 25, 1864.
Fraser, Alexander, pro. Sergt.
Fray, George, wounded June 3, 1864.
Freeman, Charles, died Oct. 6, 1864.

Fife, John, deserted and returned.
 Fry, Henry, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
 Guion, J., deserted at Washington, D. C., June 10, 1863.
 Gregg, William, transferred to U. S. Navy, April 28, 1864.
 Green, John, transferred to U. S. Navy, April 29, 1864.
 Gates, George, transferred to U. S. Navy, April 29, 1864.
 Gregory, William H., discharged Sept. 25, 1861.
 Gleason, Aaron F., transferred to Invalid Corps.
 Gilbert, Charles N., discharged May 15, 1863.
 Gowdey, Edwin W., discharged June 23, 1863.
 Guillon, Gleneira, mustered out Sept. 12, 1864.
 Gould, Charles O., killed May 16, 1864.
 Goodwin, E. L., discharged Jan. 22, 1862.
 Grave, Frederick, killed May 16, 1864.
 Gilbert, George, died Aug. 6, 1863.
 Gaylor, James, killed May 16, 1864.
 Head, Orrin M., discharged.
 Hutton, Samuel, re-enlisted.
 Howard, Charles A., re-enlisted.
 Hubbard, Deloss, discharged May 15, 1863.
 Howe, Frank E., killed at Fair Oaks, June 23, 1862.
 Harvey, Charles F., discharged November 29, 1862.
 Hodgkins, Daniel G., killed May 5, 1862.
 Hurd, George, discharged Feb. 1, 1863.
 Hanson, John, wounded July 2, 1863.
 Home, James M.
 Hubbard, I. P.
 Hoyt, Francis S., died in hands of enemy Nov. 5, 1864.
 Hill, George H., wounded June 1, 1864.
 Hall, Isaac G., transferred to Invalid Corps June 15, 1864.
 Hutton, James, re-enlisted.
 Hewey, Francis H., promoted to Q. M. Sergeant.
 Hannaford, James M., mustered out Aug. 23, 1864.
 Heath, John, discharged May 16, 1863.
 Hayes, James, wounded and captured at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
 Hoyt, Charles W., died Aug. 14, 1863.
 Holt, Henry, executed for desertion April 15, 1864.
 Howes, James, wounded June 3, 1864.
 Hartwell, John H., wounded at Cold Harbor June 3, 1864.
 Horton, George G., deserted June 13, 1862.
 Hubbard, Daniel R., dishonorably discharged Feb. 9, 1864.
 Harop, Mark, deserted at Concord, N. H., April 29, 1863.
 Hart, John, transferred to U. S. Navy April 28, 1864.

Hendrick, John, transferred to U. S. Navy April 28, 1864.
Holt, Amos, pro. Corp'l. Transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Holmes, Andrew J., discharged by order May 12, 1864.
Johnson, Peter, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Joslin, Joseph R., discharged June 16, 1864.
Joslin, Henry H., discharged.
Jones, Luther D., mustered out Aug. 31, 1864.
Jones, Charles A., mustered out Aug. 24, 1864.
Jones, Burley K., died of wounds June 25, 1862.
Jenson, Jens, died at Fort Monroe, Dec. 14, 1864.
Jones, Thomas, wounded July, 1864.
Johnson, William, wounded June 3, 1864.
Kempton, William H., wounded June 3, 1864.
Kendall, John A., discharged Sept. 19, 1863.
Kerby, Joseph, killed July 2, 1863.
Kelley, William, wounded Aug. 19, 1864.
Kelley, William J., wounded June 3, 1864.
Kelley, John, wounded July 3, 1864. Deserted.
Kimball, Hubbard S., discharged for disability at N. Y., Dec. 13, 1864.
Kelley, David, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Kennison, John, discharged for disability May 12, 1864.
Kerby, Thomas, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Littlefield, Charles H., deserted June 30, 1862.
Lang, John, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Lawrence, Houghton, discharged July 11, 1862.
Leary, Jeremiah, re-enlisted.
Legro, Edgar B., pro. to 1st Lieut. and Adjutant.
Lego, Eben, mustered out Aug. 27, 1864.
Langmaid, J. G., mustered out Aug. 23, 1864.
Linden, James F., mustered out Sept. 16, 1864.
Lanphire, Orlando, mustered out Aug. 24, 1864.
Lehan, Charles H., discharged April 27, 1864.
Leathers, John W. P., discharged Sept. 20, 1862.
Lloyd, William B., died Nov. 30, 1864.
Lair, George, died June 24, 1864.
Leblanck, Octavia, wounded June 1, 1864.
Lehman, Lewis, wounded June 3, 1864.
Larion, Peter, died Aug. 1, 1864.
Lynch, John, wounded June 31, 1864.
Lowd, George, missing in action June 3, 1864.
Lord, Thomas, missing Oct. 28, 1864.
Lumbeck, Asaph, wounded June 3, 1864.
McMillen, Thomas, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.

McNichols, Daniel, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Morton, Hiram F., transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Miller, Alexander, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Morrison, Frank, transferred to U. S. Navy April 28, 1864.
Mullen, Herman, transferred to U. S. Navy April 28, 1864.
Morris, Robert, transferred to U. S. Navy, April 29, 1864.
Murphy, Charles, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Morgan, Frank W., pro. to Sergt. Re-enlisted.
Martin, Hazen B., discharged June 14, 1863.
Martin, James M., died Aug. 11, 1862.
Morgan, Paul C., discharged March 20, 1863.
Martin, James, enlisted in Regular Army, Dec. 6, 1862.
Martin, Addison S., discharged Aug., 1864.
Moore, Charles A., killed July 2, 1863.
Moores, Timothy G., discharged March 14, 1863.
Marden, Alfred L., discharged March 10, 1863.
Morse, William E., died of wounds Dec. 16, 1863.
Martin, Daniel S., died of wounds Dec. 16, 1863.
Moulton, Hosea B., discharged Dec. 10, 1863.
Messer, Fifield H., died of wounds received June 30, 1864.
Messenger, Addison G., killed June 3, 1864.
Moore, John H., mustered out Aug. 20, 1864.
McKinnon, George, mustered out Aug. 20, 1864.
McKinnon, Walter H., mustered out Aug. 18, 1864.
Monroe, Robert, discharged Aug. 16, 1864.
McKinnon, Malcom, wounded July 2, 1863. Discharged Dec. 22, 1863.
Mitchell, Edward I., discharged Oct. 1, 1862.
McEray, John, killed at Drury's Bluff, Va., May 15, 1864.
McPherson, John, missing at Fair Oaks, Oct. 28, 1864.
McDonald, Owen, executed for desertion at Williamsburg, April 29, 1864.
Marks, William, died of wounds received June 3, 1864.
Meyers, Henry, wounded June 3, 1864.
McMartin, John, died of disease Nov. 12, 1864.
Magilio, Joseph, wounded June 1, 1864. Deserted.
Mason, Lewis, missing at Fair Oaks, Oct. 28, 1864.
McGuire, James, wounded June 3, 1864.
Moore, Samuel, wounded June 3, 1864.
Nutter, Samuel O., enlisted in Regular Army Dec. 5, 1862.
Nichols, Fred H., wounded July 2, 1863. Mus. out Aug. 20, 1864.
Newell, James, mustered out Oct. 31, 1864.
Newman, Charles, killed at Cold Harbor June 4, 1864.
Nielsen, John, wounded June 3, 1864.
Moulton, John, wounded June 3, 1864.

- Nealy, Ezra, died Sept. 30, 1861.
Noyes, Fairfield, died Dec. 16, 186--.
Noyes, Lucius P., missing July 2, 1863. Mus. out Sept. 16, 1864.
O'Brien, Thomas, discharged June 3, 1863.
Omerson, John A., discharged May 22, 1863.
O'Brien, Cornelius, mustered out Aug. 24, 1864.
O'Malley, Thomas, wounded June 3, 1864.
Olsen, Julius, died Feb. 4, 1864.
Plummer, E. J., died of wounds received July 2, 1863.
Putney, Ira A., missing July 2, 1864. Mus. out Aug. 22, 1864.
Parker, William, discharged Aug. 8, 1861.
Parker, Phineas A., discharged May 23, 1863.
Prentiss, Elbridge G., re-enlisted.
Phelps, Charles, killed Aug. 29, 1862.
Patterson, Samuel F., mustered out Sept. 11, 1864.
Piper, Thomas W., pro. to Sergt. Died of wounds Aug. 19, 1863.
Puryea, John, deserted March 10, 1863.
Pierce, Alexander, died April 9, 1864.
Poor, Joseph, missing at Fair Oaks, Oct. 28, 1864.
Page, Charles, died Nov. 12, 1864.
Pollard, Levi J., wounded July 2, 1863. Mus. out Aug. 24, 1864.
Putney, Henry P., discharged on account of wounds Sept. 26, 1862.
Peake, James, wounded May 16, 1864.
Parker, George, transferred to U. S. Navy April 28, 1864.
Peterson, Charles, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Presly, Thomas, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Parker, Charles, drowned in attempting to desert April 7, 1862.
Quin, Carlos, discharged for disability.
Ruffle, Jonah, discharged Aug. 20, 1862.
Richardson, Edward, promoted to Corporal. Re-enlisted.
Rand, Ira, discharged Feb. 4, 1863.
Rand, Cyrus, enlisted in 2d U. S. Cav. Oct. 27, 1862.
Rugg, Andrew J., died July 24, 1862.
Ripley, Joseph F., deserted at Falmouth Feb., 1863.
Rolfe, John S., killed Aug. 29, 1862.
Ross, Merrick M., wounded at Williamsburg, May 5, 1862.
Richardson, Samuel C., discharged for disability.
Ruffle, Charles, re-enlisted.
Rice, Frederick A. S., deserted Aug. 25, 1862.
Ruffle, Samuel, died Aug. 15, 1864.
Rand, John C., killed Aug. 29, 1862.
Roberts, Charles O., wounded July 2, 1863.
Randlett, James, trans. to Inv. Corps Feb. 4, 1864.

Riley, Thomas, deserted April 9th, 1863.
Rouse, Patrick, deserted April 11, 1864.
Roberts, Jean, deserted Feb. 19, 1864.
Richardson, James F., mustered out Aug. 24, 1864.
Rogers, J. W., wounded June 3, 1864. Mustered out Aug. 20, 1864.
Ruffle, George, discharged May 30, 1863.
Robinson, C. N., discharged June 16, 1863.
Rand, Charles J., discharged Aug. 31, 1861.
Ricker, Nathaniel, promoted to Prin. Mus. July 11, 1863.
Root, Byron, discharged Sept. 8, 1862.
Roarke, William H., pro. to 2d Lieut. U. S. Colored Troops.
Robertson, Hugh, died Nov. 13, 1864.
Rose, John W., died Oct. 9, 1864.
Roberts, John, transferred to U. S. Navy April 28, 1864.
Reinhart, Joseph, deserted Feb. 19, 1864.
Rowden, Thomas, deserted April 9, 1864.
Reed, Charles, deserted from Navy and returned.
Riley, John, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Stevens, Reuben F., honorably discharged May 22, 1862.
Sargent, Charles G., deserted.
Stanley, Dennison, deserted Oct. 13, 1862.
Straw, James B., deserted at Concord, N. H., April 29, 1863.
Smith, Thomas, transferred to U. S. Navy April 28, 1864.
Sweeney, John, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Smith, Albert, discharged for disability July 12, 1864.
Steele, William, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Stevens, Rueben F., discharged May 22, 1862.
Sawyer, Peter, deserted April 11, 1864, and returned.
Seavey, Jeremiah, re-enlisted.
Surnam, Thomas, died of wounds July 2, 1863.
Staro, John, deserted Jan. 20, 1864.
Sweeney, John, deserted from Navy and returned.
Sands, John, deserted Jan. 18, 1864.
Smith, Edward, deserted from Navy and returned.
Stenny, Thomas, missing July 2, 1863.
Stevens, B. F., wounded and missing July 2, 1863.
Stimpson, Curtis, wounded June 3, 1864. Mus. out Sept. 9, 1864.
Stickney, Silas S., died of wounds received July 2, 1863.
Sumner, Alonzo A., discharged June 9, 1863.
Stone, Charles A., mustered out Sept. 14, 1864.
Streeter, Charles H., promoted to Corporal. Re-enlisted.
Sumner, David, discharged, date unknown.
Spalding, Milan D., promoted to Sergeant. Re-enlisted.

Stone, Albert G., died of wounds Nov. 2, 1862.
Stack, James, promoted to Corporal. Re-enlisted.
Straw, William, deserted June 11, 1863.
Sawyer, Daniel, unaccounted for.
Sawyer, Benjamin, deserted June 27, 1863.
Spague, William M., promoted to Corporal. Re-enlisted.
Stebbins, Warren L., mustered out Sept. 15, 1861.
Scott, John A., re-enlisted.
Stark, Samnel A., mustered out Sept. 12, 1864.
Safford, Otis, mustered out Sept. 2, 1864.
Satter, Atwine, died in hands of enemy Aug. 7, 1862.
Sage, Thomas, died Oct. 17, 1862.
Shattuck, Henry, discharged Sept. 22, 1862.
Stevenson, William B., discharged, date unknown.
Sanborn, DeWitt C., killed Aug. 29, 1862.
Smith, L. Alba, missing in action July 2, 1863.
Stevens, Benjamin G., killed at Gettysburg, July 2, 1863.
Sherwood, Jason, wounded July 2, 1864. Died Aug. 22, 1864.
Sanborn, James H., wounded July 2, 1863. Wounded May 16, 1864.
Smith, William, discharged Aug. 29, 1864.
Southworth, Orlin R., mustered out Aug. 24, 1864.
Stevens, William, deserted from Navy and returned.
Sidney, William, mustered out Aug. 24, 1864.
Summers, William, mustered out Aug. 23, 1864.
Sawtelle, Amaziah, w'd June 24, '64. Pro. Corp. Mus. out Aug. 24, '64.
Spaulding, John L., mustered out Oct. 29, 1863.
Stevens, John B., discharged, date unknown.
Simpson, John, discharged July 9, 1862.
Smith, William, discharged Sept. 7, 1864.
Smith, John, died of wounds received June 24, 1864.
Sullivan, Patrick, wounded June 3, 1864.
Schaffer, Conrad, died June 19, 1864.
Smith, Patrick, killed near Petersburg Aug. 23, 1864.
St Pierre, Prudent, killed in action June 3, 1864.
Schutz, George, discharged June 18, 1864.
Smith, William, died Sept. 11, 1864.
Scott, James, executed for desertion at Williamsburg, April 29, 1864.
Seymour, Joseph, died of wounds June 23, 1864.
Smith, Peter, wounded June 3, 1864.
Saunders, Joseph, wounded June 3, 1864.
Stevens, Edward R., wounded June 1, 1864.
Totten, J., killed at Gettysburg July 2, 1863.
Thompson, Henry A., discharged June 9, 1863,

Tyrrell, Everett, discharged May 23, 1863.
Thatcher, Lucius, discharged Oct. 16, 1862.
Thurston, James, deserted May 24, 1863, and captured.
Thomas, Jener B., discharged Feb., 1863.
Thayer, Nathaniel, pro. to Hospital Steward U. S. Army, Sept. 17, 1864.
Tyler, Moses C., discharged July 9, 1863.
Tyler, Henry C., re-enlisted.
Tuttle, Charles D., re-enlisted.
Terrell, Davis B., mustered out Aug. 24, 1864.
Thomas, John, wounded Aug. 6, 1864.
Traynor, Edward, wounded May 18, 1864.
Thompson, Joseph, deserted.
Tracy, James, discharged July 10, 1864.
Taylor, James, killed May 16, 1864.
Tatro, Joseph, deserted at Concord, N. H., May 20, 1863.
Thompson, John, transferred to U. S. Navy, April 29, 1864.
Venney, Henry, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Varney, Richard M., re-enlisted.
Webber, Conrad, died Feb. 8, 1863.
Worth, Charles H., killed July 2, 1863.
Wardwell, Lyman E., pro. Corp. Mus. out Sept. 16, 1864.
Whipple, William, discharged July 9, 1863.
Warren, John S., discharged Oct. 14, 1864.
White, William, discharged on account of wounds May 15, 1863.
Wood, John R., died in Hospital, Nov., 1862.
Williams, Charles H., mustered out Sept. 13, 1864.
Wilber, William, wounded June 3, 1864.
Wilcox, Calvin H., discharged Oct. 12, 1862.
White, Rodolphus J., died Dec. 20, 1862.
White, Asa M., discharged, date unknown.
Wiggins, George A., discharged Sept. 19, 1862.
Williams, Augustus M., deserted March 30, 1862.
Wright, Samuel D., deserted June 27, 1863.
Whidden, William, discharged Oct. 7, 1862.
Workman, George, deserted March 5, 1863.
Wilson, Harrison H., died of wounds Sept. 20, 1862.
Walker, Henry J., discharged June 9, 1863.
Wetherbee, Edward H., wounded July 2, '63. Discharged Jan. 1, 1864.
Watson, John L., discharged Sept. 22, 1863.
Woods, John L., discharged June 23, 1863.
Wilson, Asa M., died Sept. 3, 1863.
Walsh, James, wounded Aug. 18, 1864.
Woodward, Samuel, w'd July 2, 1863. Dis. on acc. w'ds Oct. 14, 1864.

- Willey, John H., mustered out Aug. 28, 1864.
Wright, John B., mustered out Aug. 23, 1864.
Wright, William F., died Sept. 27, 1862.
Westerman, William, died of wounds June 14, 1864.
Waldam, Earnest, wounded June 3, 1864.
Weeks, Charles B., died of wounds July 3, 1863.
Woods, Henry, discharged Aug. 14, 1864.
Watson, James, wounded June 3, 1864.
Williams, John, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Weiland, Gustavus A., transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Tumbul, deserted in the face of the enemy, June 2, 1864.
Willoughby, George D., unaccounted for.
Williams, Henry, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Williams, John T., transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Wilson, John, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Wilson, Henry, transferred to U. S. Navy April 29, 1864.
Young, Joseph, killed in action June 5, 1864.

SPECIAL ORDER OF GEN. SICKLES

ON THE DETACHMENT OF THE SECOND REGIMENT FROM THE ARMY
OF THE POTOMAC, ON DUTY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD ARMY CORPS,
25th February, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDERS, }
No. 13. }

The General Commanding cannot sever, even temporarily, his relations with the Second New Hampshire Volunteers, without expressing his regret that this gallant regiment no longer belongs to his command.

Entering the service at the beginning of the war, this regiment has participated with distinction in the combats which have made the campaigns of this army illustrious.

Unchallenged in loyalty as in valor, the devotion of the Second New Hampshire to our sacred cause is to-day as unyielding as when the fall of Sumter inflamed the Union.

Soldiers! your patriotic State will soon fill up your ranks. You will be greeted at home with affectionate welcome by those who appreciate your worth, and share your unselfish love of country.

You will, perhaps, encounter not a few who find everything to deplore in the means employed to suppress this rebellion, and nothing to commend, except their own exertions to confer authority upon those who apologize for treason, and sue for peace with the traitors who spurn them. You have offered your own lives for the Union. You have buried many brave comrades on the bloody fields of the rebellion. You will know how to repel the approach of renegades who would betray the cause for which your flag has been proudly borne in battle.

To your Commanding Officer, Colonel GILMAN MARSTON,—twice wounded at the head of his regiment, distinguished for gallantry in the field and for signal ability in the national councils—I desire to acknowl-

edge my obligations for his able and zealous co-operation as an officer of this command.

Your comrades in those heroic Divisions which are forever inseparable from the names of HOOKER and KEARNEY, will always cherish their recollection of the glorious service in which you have been associated; nor will they cease to look with solicitude to the day, which all hope will not be distant, when you will return to the THIRD ARMY CORPS with renovated ranks and undiminished ardor, eager to share with us the honors of new and eventful campaigns.

By command of

D. E. SICKLES,

Brigadier General.

(Signed)

O. H. HART,

A. A. General.

Official: H. D. F. YOUNG,

Capt. and Aid-de-Camp.

OFFICIAL REPORT OF COL. BAILEY

ON THE ACTION OF THE SECOND NEW HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT IN
THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG, PA.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND REGIMENT N. H. VOLUNTEERS. }
THIRD BRIGADE, SECOND DIVISION, THIRD CORPS. }
Near Gettysburg, Pa., July 5, 1863. }

GENERAL:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by my regiment on the second inst., in the battle at this place:

Commencing at the time it was detached from your command, it then being in position with your brigade in front of the Emmetsburg road, at three o'clock P. M., I had the honor to receive your order to report to General GRAHAM, and immediately moving by double-quick in the front, I had the honor to announce myself to that General with twenty-four commissioned officers and three hundred and thirty rifles. I was at once ordered to support Battery G, First New York Artillery, and one section of a battery unknown, all light twelve-pounders, brass; in this position my left rested upon the right of the Sixty-Third Pennsylvania, my right covered by a wood house situated upon the Emmetsburg road, my line forming a right angle with that road. Two hundred yards in my front the Third Maine Regiment was skirmishing with the enemy. At four o'clock, while experiencing a terrific fire of spherical case and canister from batteries in my front and on my right six hundred and fifty yards distant, I directed the rolls of my companies to be called and found but eight of the total number equipped absent. These had fallen out of the ranks from sunstroke and exhaustion, while moving by double-quick to the position. At 4:30 P. M., the Third Maine were withdrawn from our front to our rear and about this time a battery and a section of Rodman pieces were substituted for those we were supporting; these pieces were worked with great inefficiency and at five o'clock it was observed that a

brigade of the enemy was advancing on our right in column of battalion massed, while two regiments were moving directly parallel with my front to the left, evidently with design to turn that flank. I reported the facts to General GRAHAM and asked permission to charge the enemy; being close upon us, so near that the officer commanding the section of battery spiked his pieces, fearful that he should lose them. The General gave me directions to go forward. When I gave the order my regiment started immediately, and advanced one hundred and fifty yards at a run with a yell and such impetuosity as to cause the enemy to return to a ravine two hundred and fifty yards in our front, where they were screened from our fire, when I directed the fire of my battalion to the left oblique upon the two regiments moving along my front by the flank at about the same distance. My fire was so galling, assisted by that from the Third Maine which had come up and taken post upon my left, as to cause them to break and seek shelter, when my attention was again called to my right, strengthened by the Sixty-Third Pennsylvania, forming at right angles with my front and parallel with the Emmetsburg road, upon which was advancing the brigade of the enemy moving by battalions in mass in line of battle. I immediately directed the fire of my regiment to the right oblique full upon it; yet their line of fire assisted by a terrible discharge of spherical case from their batteries caused the Sixty-Third Pennsylvania, to return, and at the same moment the Third Maine moved to the rear, though in good order, two hundred yards. Finding myself thus unsupported and the enemy still advancing, I ordered my regiment to fall back slowly, firing, which was fully executed. I moved to the rear one hundred and fifty yards and halted my line under the brow of the hill, halting also on the brow to give a volley to the enemy, then distant but twenty yards. The position of the three regiments was that of echelon at about twenty paces, my regiment being the apex. The enemy continued advancing till they reached the brow of the hill when their left swept towards the Sixty-Third Pennsylvania, in such overwhelming numbers as to cause it to give way, and fearing that those regiments which had been observed marching towards my left might appear upon that flank, and knowing our efforts must prove futile against such fearful odds, I gave the order to retire, which was done quite rapidly yet coolly and without excitement, many halting to fire upon the enemy as they went. I rejoined the brigade at about 6 : 30 P. M., fearfully diminished in numbers, yet firm and fearless still.

This battalion entered the fight with a firm determination to do or die, and the long lists of fallen comrades already submitted will show how well that resolution was kept. When all did so well it would be invidious to make comparisons. Let it suffice to say they did their part as becomes sons of the Old Granite State. For our fallen braves who have so glo-

riously perished fighting for their country we drop a comrade's tear,— while we would extend our heartfelt sympathy to those dear ones far away, who find the ties of kindred and friends thus rudely severed, and for those who must suffer untold agony and pain through long weeks of convalescence, our earnest sympathy, yet leaving them to the watchful care of Him who will not prove unmindful of their necessities.

I have the honor to be, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

ED. L. BAILEY,

Col. 2d N. H. Vols.

LIST OF BATTLES

IN WHICH THE SECOND NEW HAMPSHIRE REGIMENT HAD BEEN
ENGAGED UP TO TIME OF MUSTER OUT OF THE
ORIGINAL MEMBERS NOT RE-ENLISTED.

1. First Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
2. Siege of Yorktown, April 11, 1862, to May 3, 1862.
3. Williamsburg, May 2, 1865.
4. Skirmish at Fair Oaks, June 23, 1862.
5. Fair Oaks, June 25, 1862.
6. Savage Station, June 27, 1862.
7. Peach Orchard, June 28, 1862.
8. Glendale, June 30, 1862.
9. Malvern Hill, First, July 1, 1862.
10. Malvern Hill, Second, August 5, 1862.
11. Bristow Station, August 27, 1862.
12. Second Bull Run, August 29, 1862.
13. Chantilly, Sept. 1, 1862.
14. Fredericksburg, December 11 — 15, 1862.
15. Gettysburg, July 1 — 3, 1864.
16. Wapping Heights, July 23, 1863.
17. Swift Creek, near Petersburg, May 8, 1864.
18. Drury's Bluff, May 14 — 16, 1864.
19. Cold Harbor, June 2, 1864.







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